A

CAUTION

AGAINST

VACCINE SWINDLERS,

AND

Impostors.

BY

JOHN RING,

MEMBER OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS IN LONDON; AND OF THE MEDICAL SOCIETIES OF LONDON AND PARIS; AND ONE OF THE VICE-PRESIDENTS OF THE ROYAL JENNERIAN SOCIETY FOR THE EXTERMINATION OF THE SMALL-POX.

"The Jennerian discovery has shed a brilliant lustre on our era; but unfortunately the discovery has been in a great degree rendered abortive by *bastard institutions*, created for the purpose of filling the pockets of *a set of adventurers, without education, and destitute of principle.* We could name several wretches who have fattened, and are still fattening, on such jobs."

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William Bennett Stones Esq., F.R.S. Eng
from his affectionate Father.
Wm Stone

PREFACE.

THERE is a Society in this Metropolis, falsely calling itself the Royal Jennerian Society, which has, for some time past, been collecting subscriptions to a considerable amount under that assumed name; and thus obtained money under false pretences.

It has also been organizing a complete system of quackery, by granting a diploma to persons totally ignorant of the first principles of the medical profession; which will add to the present host of empirics.

The same Society has given a sanction to several erroneous opinions of Dr. Walker; the ill effects of which have already been experienced. Against such doctrines, such practices, and such impositions, the following pages will serve as a caution.

A

CAUTION,

&c.

MANY pamphlets have lately been circulated through this great metropolis, and all parts of the kingdom, soliciting subscriptions for a set of men, at one time calling themselves the London Vaccine Institution, and at another the Royal Jennerian Society for the Extermination of the Small-pox. In one of those pamphlets I am represented to be a Vice-President of the Society; an insinuation at which every honest man must feel indignant. I therefore decline the honour intended for me; and, in this public manner, disclaim the connexion.

Mr. Lawrence declined the honour of being their Sub-Director, not wishing to be the deputy of Dr. Walker; but Dr. Thornton is appointed to the office. He and Dr. Walker may, therefore, be considered as the Teneriffe and Atlas of the Society.

> "Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
> Demand alliance, and in friendship burn."

How long Dr. Thornton will hold his situation is

uncertain. He is compared by his friend, Dr. Moseley, to a botanical fly; generated by one wind, and blown away by the next. His colleague, or rather his commander, Dr. Walker, may be compared to a caterpillar; for he imitates the habits, as well as the changes, of that reptile.

Many of my friends have subscribed to that Society, as a compliment to me; and then informed me of the favour they had done me; a favour which I have reason to regret, on their account, as well as on my own, and that of the public.

Some of those friends, who have also been influenced by motives of humanity, and a wish to check the ravages of the small-pox, have families who may live to want what they in their liberality have bestowed on this bastard Institution. It is not meet to take the children's bread, and throw it to the dogs. For my own part, though solicited again and again to belong to their Institution, I shall ever shun every set of men who assume a false appellation, impose on public credulity, and obtain money under false pretences.

Vanity, and the love of good company, might perhaps induce me to retain the office of a Vice-President, were there not something in the Institution, utterly subversive of all moral principle. Who would not be proud to be enrolled with all the greatest ornaments of the medical profession? Who would not be proud to be ranked with a Hardwicke, a Spencer, a Wilberforce, an Angerstein, and other benefactors of mankind?

Dr. Jenner, who is stated in the pamphlet to be one of the Presidents, informed me, that he, as well as myself, was long importuned to belong to this Institution; but he still refused his consent. They nevertheless avail themselves of his name; and their collectors impudently pretend, that he countenances them, and assists them with his cordial co-operation.

The subscriptions thus raised must be immense; and would be better bestowed on our wounded soldiers or seamen; or the widows and orphans of the heroes who shed their blood in our service; or in support of our hospitals, some of which, alas! for want of funds, are under the necessity of shutting up wards, and rejecting the most miserable objects of distress. Such is the avarice of some members of this Institution, and such their anxiety to make hay while the sun shines, that they offer experienced collectors fifty per cent. It is no charity to pamper the miscreants who direct or undertake that dirty work; and convert public charity into a private job. They would be much better employed in the House of Correction.

The origin of the Royal Jennerian Society is not well understood. When Dr. Jenner vaccinated an infant of the Speaker of the House of Commons, he intimated to the Lady of that distinguished character, his intention of establishing a Vaccine Institution, on his return to town in the winter. The Lady replied, that she did not doubt Mr. Speaker would be willing to co-operate with him, in establishing one, or more institutions.

Two mercenary Vaccine Institutions were already established in the metropolis; one by Dr. Woodville, the other by Dr. Pearson; and the author of these observations had established one at his own house, for gratuitous vaccination, and the gratuitous distribution of matter. When I call the other early Vaccine Institutions mercenary, I do not mean to insinuate that any charge was made for inoculation; but that the matter produced by such inoculations was sold at an exorbitant rate, and produced a golden harvest; of which no satisfactory account has ever yet been given.

The matter thus sold at an exorbitant price, and occasionally distributed on conditions advantageous to the distributor, was not always of the best kind. It was, in general, variolous instead of vaccine matter; and produced its natural effect, the small-pox. This created a prejudice against the new practice; and provoked an attack from the pen of Dr. Moseley, who did not understand the subject.

Being repeatedly disappointed in my attempts to procure genuine vaccine virus from Dr. Pearson, who, as well as Dr. Woodville, was in the habit of using what originated from that polluted source, the Small-pox Hospital, I applied to Dr. Jenner, who did me the favour to supply me with some of the same sort which he used himself.

A medical man whom I introduced to Dr. Jenner, proposed the establishment of an Institution, where all subscribers should have a right to procure

vaccine virus; but I declared I would never belong to any Vaccine Institution, where matter was sold.

In the year 1800, many false reports were propagated against vaccination, particularly by a desperate adventurer, who afterwards shot himself in Somerset Street. To counteract the prejudices thus excited, I drew up the London Testimonial in its favour, and procured the signatures of some of the most eminent physicians and surgeons in the kingdom. The consequence of this Testimonial was, that all opposition was, for a time, nearly at an end; and even in India, where scepticism had till then prevailed, and the discovery had been treated with ridicule, the practice soon became universal.

About the same period I frequently saw Dr. Marshall, formerly a surgeon and apothecary at some town in Cumberland, at Dr. Jenner's, in Bond Street; and, as he also spoke of his intimacy with Mr. Angerstein, under whose auspices he was going to Naples, in order to practise vaccination in that city, where the small-pox was particularly fatal, it was impossible I could doubt that he was a respectable character.

From Dr. Jenner's publication it appeared, that Dr. Marshall had been an early, zealous, able, and successful promoter of vaccination; of which his letters in the same publication, bear ample testimony. He had resided and practised at Eastington in Gloucestershire; but neither his former history, nor the reason of his residing there, was then understood.

Where he purchased his diploma is not known;

but it was the opinion of his neighbours that he dubbed himself; and, long before his return from the Mediterranean, very unfavourable reports, concerning his character, were circulated in every part of London.

Dr. Marshall, having retired to Eastington, was joined by John Walker, now Dr. Walker, his wife's cousin. These two cousins, or rather this *par nobile fratrum*, seem to have been intended for companions by their over-ruling destinies; for never were men more congenial in their dispositions; or who acted a more similar part.

The birth, parentage, and education, life, character, and behaviour, of Dr. Walker, will not be deemed uninteresting, if he should terminate his splendid career in the same manner, as some other celebrated adventurers have done. His father was of the same trade as Vulcan; and it is said, that he himself for some time worked at the forge; which may be the reason that he has never been known to have clean hands. It may also account for his performing inoculation, on the tender arms of infants, with as much force, as if he were smiting them with a sledge hammer.

His father was a whitesmith; but he disdained to be a low mechanic; and aspired to follow the example of Dr. Woodville, a native of the same town, Cockermouth, and serve his apprenticeship with a neighbouring apothecary. To this his parents objected. He therefore went to Dublin; where he was first an engraver; and then a teacher of the

classics, and of languages which he did not understand.

Whether he was ever a schoolmaster in Dublin, is uncertain; but one of his friends told me he was an usher. He next became a geographer; and wrote a work, which probably sold the better, because one on that subject had already been published by another author of the same name, a man of real talent.

I have now before me an article, written for the Dictionary of Living Authors, by the Doctor himself; which, as a correspondent to whom I am indebted for this literary curiosity, observes, is such a fulsome piece of egotism and vanity, that prudence dictated its rejection. I am also informed by the same correspondent, that another physician has also been panegyrizing himself in the same way, particularly in Nisbitt's New Medical Biography; the history of which, my correspondent observes, is remarkable enough.

Nisbitt is the man who pretended to cure cancers; then raised subscriptions for a Medical Newspaper; and the subscribers were swindled out of their money. Those medical men who did not subscribe to his paper were shamefully and scandalously abused. I am assured, that five guineas is the price of a good life in his Medical Biography; and that every physician, who does not subscribe this sum, is to be loaded with calumny and falsehood. But what could be expected from a hireling of Dr. Reece, or a colleague of Dr. Maclean?

When Dr. Marshall went to the Mediterranean, he applied to me for some cow-pock matter; and desired me also to send him an occasional supply. Having, from the commencement of the practice, vaccinated gratuitously at my own house, and, in a short time, gratuitously extended that mild species of inoculation through the Borough, and all the neighbouring villages, I was in no want of subjects from whom matter might be taken; but they were widely scattered; and the manner of preserving the virus, then practised, was such as to occupy a considerable portion of my time.

On Dr. Marshall's arrival at Gibraltar, he vaccinated a child of the Governor, General O'Hara, and other persons of all descriptions; and, having received a letter from him, with the joyful tidings, I published it in the Medical Journal. Shortly after, an eminent surgeon called on me; and asked me whether I knew much of my correspondent, Dr. Marshall. I replied, that I knew nothing of him but as an inoculator, and a friend of Dr. Jenner, and Mr. Angerstein; and that I had no correspondence with him but on the subject of vaccination.

He then informed me, that he was sent for to Brighton, to see the children of the First Lord of the Admiralty; and a noble personage in the family had told him, that Mr. Angerstein had obtained leave of the Board of Admiralty, for two medical men to go out to the Mediterranean, in a King's ship, in order to practise vaccine inoculation; but when they arrived at Gibraltar, and opened their

trunks, instead of taking out books about vaccine inoculation, they took out books about the French Revolution.

At that time, I had never heard the name of Walker; and was surprised at Dr. Marshall's mentioning it in his letter; and presenting to me their joint respects. It is an honour which no man, who knows their real characters, could possibly wish.

Mr. Angerstein has since informed me, that Marshall having been recommended to him by Dr. Jenner, as a person who was going to the Mediterranean, to propagate vaccination, he had prevailed on Earl Spencer to allow him a passage in the Endymion, Sir Thomas Williams; and that Walker had intruded himself also.

The fact is, that Walker will push his nose in anywhere; especially where he is least wanted, and least welcome. One physician informed me, that he is in the habit of disturbing the Quakers, who will not acknowledge him, in their devotions; and another, that he endeavoured to excite a mutiny on board five ships in the Mediterranean. A surgeon also informed me, that the captain of his ship declared he should be tied up, and flogged, if he did not instantly quit the vessel.

A physician, who knew him in Egypt, three times congratulated me, as a member of the Royal Jennerian Society, on our getting rid of him; and a Noble Lord, who has particularly distinguished himself by promoting vaccination, informed me, that he was well acquainted with his whole history,

being connected with the town where he was born; and that several officers, who knew him in Egypt, declared it was impossible any society, to which he belonged, could ever prosper.

Leaper, one of his colleagues, and bosom friends, has been expelled by the Quakers, and must be expelled by every society, that has the least regard for its character. It is, however, extremely profitable for both these wolves in sheep's clothing, to

> "Wear a Quaker's plain garb, and ask alms
> For the London Vaccine Institution."

That garb is an apology for ill manners; and for every kind of intrusion. It ensures an introduction into great houses; and a liberal subscription. *Audentes fortuna juvat.*

Walker tells us, in his correspondence with the Monthly Reviewers, that he is an Irish Quaker; and that, as the grenadiers would not enlist Big Sam, because he was too tall, and would make them look like dwarfs, the English Quakers would not admit him, because was so much more a Quaker than themselves.

There is more truth in this assertion than may at first be imagined; for the Irish Quakers in general, being of the lowest order, and ignorant and illiterate, like their founder George Fox, who was first a cobler, or a shoemaker, and then a shepherd, like him he never knows how to *stick to his last.* Like him he is always moved by a spirit of opposi-

tion. Like him he has always been an itinerant; and courted persecution by his folly and indiscretion.

Such people, as the biographers observe, sometimes meet with rough treatment, which they provoke by ill manners; but, as the bard of Twickenham observes,

Take it as a rule,
No creature smarts so little as a fool.

In Walker's abortive effort to obtain celebrity in the Dictionary of Living Authors, he tells us, that his works, and the various changes in his diversified life, afford a very striking verification of the reply which he made, in early life, to a friend who tried to dissuade him from embarking in the arduous profession of a schoolmaster. This reply was, *Possunt, quia posse videntur*; for they can conquer who believe they can. This is the case with every rebel, from the devil down to Bonaparte, and with every adventurer, from Don Quixote down to John Walker.

Such is the wavering and unsettled disposition of this versatile genius, that he tells us, in his abortive memorial, he still entertains an idea of becoming a schoolmaster; a calling, which is undoubtedly congenial with his disposition. Like Dionysius, when he is no longer suffered to tyrannize over men, he will tyrannize over boys.

An utter contempt of all authority is the most conspicuous trait in his character; and the love of discord his ruling passion. Love of gold, or rather lust of gold, is another trait in his character; for,

though he was allowed two hundred a year, as inoculator to the Royal Jennerian Society, with an excellent house to live in, and coals, candles, and stationery, together with the privilege of private practice, which is much more than the nation allows to any man for vaccination, he tried to extort fees from patients at the Central House; and solicited large sums of the governors of the Institution. Of the Duke of Bedford, President of the Society, he solicited thirty pounds. *Quid non mortalia cogis, auri sacra fames?*

This sum, he pretended, was to be laid out in medals, to be presented to the mothers who brought their children to Salisbury Square. When detected and exposed, in his daring attempt, he wished it to be thought, that the ambition of inoculating more than others was his motive, in turning mendicant; and surely it was necessary to tempt the public with a premium, or rather a bribe, to bring their children to a station, where Dr. Walker wielded his lancet.

It is true, votes of thanks and approbation passed; but they were passed by despicable and unprincipled partisans; or by those who never attended but at general meetings, where they could see nothing of his practice, or at a good dinner.

By the same abortive bantling, or biographical memoir of Dr. Walker, written by himself, we are told, that *while he was at Paris, the associate of Tom Paine, Muir, Napper Tandy, and other revolutionary characters, among whom was an aide-de-camp of Bonaparte, in their "social evening conver-*

sations," he could never be prevailed on to join them in their political sentiments, or proceedings. *Credat Judæus apella, non ego.* The same was said by the companions of Marat, Robespierre, Guy Faux, Oliver Cromwell, Colonel Despard, and all other conspirators against the laws, lives, and liberties of mankind.

But it is unnecessary to prove his ill intention; for he informs us, in the very next sentence, that he assisted those rebels, and miscreants, *in translating from Italian into English, the legislative decrees of the Ligurian, or Cisalpine republic,* and that Tom Paine "*was probably obtaining*" these precious products of his pen, for his friend, the Director, *Ravaillac Lepaux*; to be forwarded, for the purpose of *enlightening* the people of Ireland, in the meditated invasion of that country.

He puts *enlightened* in Italics. If he did not know the use to which Tom Paine meant to apply these revolutionary decrees, he was an idiot; and required to be enlightened full as much as any bog-trotter in Ireland. If he did know it, and was the actual incendiary, that kindled up a civil war in our unhappy sister kingdom, he is worse than Ravaillac Lepaux; and may think himself lucky in escaping the fate of the other *Ravaillac,* who was torn to pieces by four horses.

His mother realized the dream of Hecuba; and brought forth a firebrand. Having kindled up one flame in Ireland, he kindled up another in England. The Royal Jennerian Society has undergone a revo-

lution. The London Vaccine Institution has undergone a revolution. A mock Royal Jennerian Society has been established; and this Society will also undergo a revolution. It is composed of discordant materials; and will not be of long duration.

Neither can it be supposed, that a coalition can ever take place between the old Jennerian Society and the new. The Bishop of Durham, one of our Vice-Presidents, can never enter into a coalition with Joseph Lancaster, who would have been much fitter to form a coalition with the late namesake of that learned and pious Prelate at Botany Bay; and Dr. Jenner can never form a coalition with Dr. Walker.

Dr. Walker informs us, in his memorial before alluded to, that he acted as interpreter to Tom Paine, author of the Age of Reason, in the Society of Theophilanthropists, as Lord Edward Fitzgerald did to the Convention; and sent his translation of the manual of that Society to England for publication, in the year 1797. The object of that Society, it is well known, was to subvert the Christian religion; and, of course, to bring about a revolution in this country.

That other conspirator, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, fell a victim to his rash and ambitious attempts. Let Dr. Walker beware. Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

In the same memoir he tells us, that he is now Director of the Royal Jennerian and London Vaccine Institutions. He should rather have said, that he is a pretender to those honours; at least to the

former. He also arrogantly tells us, that in their publications he stands designated as a graduate of the University of Leyden, &c. Instead of he *stands*, it may with more propriety be said, he *lies*; or, at least, that he is not so designated in the publication of the Royal Jennerian Society, but in his own.

He also informs us, in his memorial, that he objected to the insertion of the words *annuente summo numine*, in his inaugural dissertation; and this is one proof of his good sense; for we agree with him in thinking, that no interference of the Deity took place on that occasion:

> Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus.

He reminds us of what was said of Lewis the Fourteenth,

> "If such are by the Lord appointed,
> The devil may be the Lord's anointed;"

and of a Prelate in Ireland, who left the church, in the time of divine service, on hearing that the Lord Lieutenant was arrived;

> "To his Grace it was fit he should pay his devotion,
> Since God had no hand in his Lordship's promotion."

He tells us, that at Gottingen it is not necessary thus to *sport* the name of the Supreme Being, in an inaugural dissertation; yet he sports it in his foolish Biographical Memoir, without any necessity at all.

He tells us, that when he appeared before the Rector, and other officers, of the University of Leyden, in order to graduate, he kept on his hat; and pretends this was done for the sake of support-

ing the peculiarities of his sect; but it was rather for the same reason as Dr. Busby kept his hat on, in Westminster School, before Charles the Second, lest it should be supposed that there was a greater man present than himself.

He calls his behaviour, on this occasion, *true Quakerian pertinacity*; but it should rather be called true Quakerian impudence; and it is so far from being ascribed to any religious scruple, by those who know him best, that it has frequently caused him to be turned out of a room.

It is, however, of an accommodating nature; and can adapt itself to circumstances, like the long beard which he brought back from Egypt, for the sake of looking like a philosopher; and which he suffered to be lopped off, because it terrified Miss Jenner.

Some people, who are not well acquainted with him, might have been imposed on by his hypocritical manœuvre at Leyden, if he had kept his own counsel; but unfortunately for his credit, and that of his puritanical pretensions, he betrays the secret; and tells us, that "if nothing had been said on the occasion, *he might have taken off his hat in the usual way*."—"Woe unto you, Pharisees, *hypocrites!* for ye make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter; but within they are full of *extortion and excess*."

Who can read this, and not think of Dr. Walker, and his charitable, mendicant, and mercenary Vaccine Institutions, which are of much more service to himself than to the public?

He tells us, that he most eminently supports vaccination. This assertion is rather problematical. Certain, however, it is, that, in consequence of a little manœuvring, a little mendicity, a little mendacity, and a little, or rather not a little, imposition, vaccination eminently and sumptuously supports him. This is more than all the knowledge which he gleaned at the University of Leyden, and from Tom Paine and all the revolutionary Societies at Paris, could do.

He talks about the great difficulties which he had to encounter, in the prosecution of his studies. This is what might naturally be expected: *Ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius.* He compares himself to Linnæus, the most celebrated naturalist the world ever saw; because Linnæus, as well as himself, was enabled to prosecute his studies by the help of a lady, to whom he was betrothed; Linnæus by the aid of Elizabeth, and he by the aid of "his beloved Anne." The world is greatly indebted to the lady, who assisted Linnæus in his education; and happy would it be for Dr. Walker if he could prove, that it is equally indebted to "his beloved Anne."

When we read about "the fulfilment of their nuptial vows at Glasgow, and the accomplishment of a visit, and a winter's residence at Edinburgh," we cannot help fancying that we are perusing a novel, instead of the life of a medical man. We cannot help fancying, what rich perfumes were scattered around; and what a number of Scotch fiddles were played on that occasion.

When we read of the chequered life, and the various trials and adventures of this Caleb Quote'em, this Jack of all trades, and master of none, we cannot help thinking that we are reading those of George Fox, the founder of the sect, the cobler who could not stick to his last; or of Tom Jones, Humphrey Clinker, or Robinson Crusoe. His subsequent conduct bears a much greater resemblance to that of Bampfylde Moore Carew, George Barrington, Miss King, or Major Semple.

He talks about the various trials, and adventures, which he has undergone, in supporting the peculiarities of his sect, in different parts of the world, particularly in the National Assemblies of France; but what business had he in those different parts of the world? What business had he in the National Assemblies of France? The truth is, that he is naturally of a volatile, fickle, restless, and roving disposition; and having no trait in his character like Linnæus, except his poverty, he despaired of graduating at Edinburgh, or Glasgow; and travelled to Leyden, where they once conferred a diploma on a horse. They even conferred that honour on Dr. Moseley; and on Dr. Walker's Sub-director, Dr. Thornton.

He pretends that Dr. Fothergill refused to be uncovered before the Queen. This I can never believe; for, when I met him in consultation, at the late Lady Clive's, the dowager of Sir Edward Clive, Baron of the Exchequer, he remained uncovered the whole time; and, however inconsistent

it may be with the principles and practice of Dr. Walker, and his friends, Joseph Lancaster and Joseph Leaper, though a Quaker, he behaved like a gentleman and a Christian. Happy would it be for the world, if all those who are called Quakers would do the same! Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye pay tithes of anise and cummin; but have omitted the weightier things of the law, judgment and justice, and sincerity and truth.

It would be well, if some of those who ape the manners of a Quaker, would imitate the virtues of a Fothergill. He also established charitable institutions; but he did not establish them on *his own account*. He also collected subscriptions for the support of such institutions; and continued, to the last moment of his life, to collect them with *true Quakerian pertinacity*; but, what may surprise John Walker, and Joseph Lancaster, and Joseph Leaper, he did not collect them on his own account; nor under false pretences. Happy would it be for those worthies, if they could lay their hands on their hearts and say the same!

Two whole columns, in his vain, fulsome, arrogant, and egotistical memoir, are occupied in this nonsensical subject, namely, his refusal to pull off his hat to the Rector, and other heads of the University of Leyden. This may well be called, Much ado about Nothing. He pretends, indeed, that all this fuss was made, in consequence of a religious scruple. Happy would it be for himself, and others,

if he had always felt such religious scruples. He would not then have tried to set all Ireland in a flame. He would not have acted as interpreter to Tom Paine. He would not have rebelled against the legitimate authority of the Royal Jennerian Society, whose hireling he was.

He would not have detained their property. He would not have robbed them of their practice. He would not have robbed them of their source of matter, and their correspondence; nor have tried to rob them of their good name. He would not have established an institution in opposition to them. He would not have assumed their title. He would not have called himself their Director; nor have formed a coalition with them without their consent.

He tells us, that to have passed to a university, where he would have been unshackled with objectionable forms, would have defeated his plan. This plan, he tells us, was to become *regular* in London. It has, therefore, most certainly been defeated; for he has never yet been *regular*, either in London, or any where else.

Full of his own importance, he also tells us, that in those days of revolutionary reform *cujus pars magna fuit*, he prepared to address himself to the Legislature, or to the Executive Power, at the Hague, to try to obtain a *mandamus*, which should "clear his way;" but, before setting out, it occurred to him, that if the Rector would take on himself the expression of the interference of the

Deity, this would exonerate the candidate. This reminds us of a storm at sea; in which,

When the rites were absolv'd, and the sins of the rest
Were transfer'd, as they thought, from themselves to the priest,
To lighten the ship, and conclude their devotion,
They plung'd the poor parson souse into the ocean.

We are, at length, informed, that on the liberal recommendation of the Professor of Theology and Ecclesiastical History, the required form was waved; and by a generosity without parallel or example, this venerable academy did homage to the *religious scruples* of a stranger. I am glad to hear that Dr. Walker ever had any religious scruples; and should also be glad to hear that some Universities also had religious scruples. We should not then hear of so many ignorant and illiterate mechanics being done into doctors.

In the plan of his Society, which Dr. Walker arrogantly calls the Royal Jennerian Society, for the year 1816, is inserted a Memoir of Dr. Jenner, principally extracted from an oration of the late Dr. Lettsom, delivered before the London Medical Society, in 1804. In this oration, Dr. Lettsom pathetically laments the absence of our learned and amiable associate, Dr. Walker; who was prevented by illness from executing that office. Here, as on every other occasion, where a compliment was to be stolen, or purchased on easy terms, Dr. Walker steps in, and takes it to himself. It is amazing with what complacency he bestows on himself the pane-

gyric intended for Dr. Sayre Walker, a man of a very different character.

On Dr. Walker's true Quakerian Pertinacity.

I have already spoken of the pertinacity of Dr. Walker's character; which he emphatically calls *true Quakerian pertinacity*. It might as well be called Corsican pertinacity, or diabolical pertinacity; for he is never more pertinacious, than when he is in the wrong.

His Vaccine Institution, by whatever name called, and by whatever title adorned, may truly say, I was born in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me. Dr. Walker is the father of that institution; and Pertinacity is the mother. It is, in fact, one of those vaccine institutions, so severely branded and stigmatized by the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine; who tells us, that they are created *for the purpose of filling the pockets of a set of adventurers, without education and destitute of principle.*

He tells us, that the Jennerian discovery has shed a brilliant lustre on our era; but unfortunately the blessing has been, in a great degree, rendered abortive, by such *bastard institutions.*

The Editor of the Critical Review also reprobates the conduct of such bastard institutions, founded for selfish purposes; and of the legions of empirics, under the forms of barber-surgeons, apothecaries, druggists, chemists, and tooth-drawers, whom they have authorized to practise vaccination;

and sanctioned with their diploma. Such empirics, says the Reviewer, like those who pretend to inoculate gratis for the small-pox, inveigle the poor and unwary into their clutches; and, under pretence of medicines being necessary, "rob them of their last hard-earned shilling."

Dr. Walker glories in his chemical, galenical, pharmaceutical, and dentifrical inoculators; and boasts, that they exceed in number those of any other Vaccine Institution; but he glories in his shame. *Non numerentur, sed ponderentur.* They are springing up under every pestle and mortar, and barber's pole, like mushrooms in a hotbed, from Hyde Park Corner to Whitechapel; and from Whitechapel to Blackwall.

It is the duty of every regular practitioner, as the Reviewer observes, to expose such impostors; and to encourage such exposure. It is, in fact, the rescuing of life from fraudulent and rapacious hands. "It has long been to us," says the Reviewer, "a matter of surprise, that the Legislature, from session to session, *looks with indifference on the plunder and massacre of mankind, by the legions of quacks; who, like fanatics, have, within the last twenty years, multiplied to a most dangerous extent.*"

"It is still more surprising," says he, "that individuals do not associate together; and eradicate this spreading evil. We have societies for the apprehension of *felons*; and *are not quacks the worst of felons, virtual murderers?* We have societies for the suppression of vice; and is there any set of men

so vicious as quacks? We have societies against swindlers; and *are not quacks the worst of swindlers?* And yet this baneful set of men is suffered *to scatter the seeds of contagion and death without molestation.*"

There is more truth in the observation of the Reviewer, than may at first appear; for, partly from the bad example and instructions of Dr. Walker, partly from their own ignorance, and partly from their being also suffered to inoculate for the small-pox, they literally scatter the seeds of contagion and death with impunity; and without molestation.

Dr. Walker's Bastard Institution.

Whatever opinion we may form of Dr. Walker's moral or religious character, or of his medical talents, no one can deny that his Institution, however illegitimate, assumes an *imposing form.* To use the words of that other bastard, Savage,

"*It shines, eccentric, like a comet's blaze.*"

We may, however, very well question, how far a man who is well paid, can be said to inoculate *gratis*; and whether one who solicits and receives subscriptions and donations from medical practitioners, can be said to supply matter *free of expense.*

It may also be questioned how far his bastard Institution is patronised by Ministers of State, by the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council of the City of London, by Members of Parliament, by the East India Company, by any other corporate body, or by any other individual, unless it can be

distinctly proved, that subscriptions, which Dr. Walker calls patronage, were fairly and honestly obtained from such corporate bodies and individuals; and not *under false pretences, and a fictitious name.*

Had the Doctor's Institution been called *the Walkerian Institution*, or *the Walkerian Society*, or *the Walkerian Hoax*, and had he candidly stated, how slender his real pretensions are, no one would have a right to blame him, or his friends and benefactors; but while he makes a merit of practising vaccination in the Mediterranean, with his cousin Marshall, when it is well known that they could not live in England, he makes a virtue of necessity; and deserves neither praise, nor remuneration.

When I speak of the bad example, and instructions of Dr. Walker, I am willing to justify my opinion at any time, and in any place. When I voted for him, as an Inoculator at the Central House, and as Secretary to the Medical Council, it was out of respect to the distinguished professional character, by whom he came recommended; and from a conviction that this distinguished character would not recommend a person for such confidential, and important situations, unless he was well acquainted with the talents and virtues of that individual; and well assured that the said individual would discharge the duties of each office with ability, fidelity, and honour. In this respect, however, I have, in common with the Society in general, been wofully disappointed.

As to his awkwardness of behaviour, his ill man-

ners, and even his rudeness, I attributed those qualities to his want of a gentlemanlike education; and to his "*true Quakerian pertinacity* in supporting the *peculiarities of his sect.*". Happy should I be to add, that I ever saw in him any *true Quakerian pertinacity* in supporting the other peculiarities of his sect, *modesty*, humility, honest industry, integrity, and patient submission and resignation, under merited or unmerited persecution.

A want of qualification, for either office, was soon perceptible in him, both as Resident Inoculator and Medical Secretary; and an effort was made to turn him out from both offices; but lenity and humanity prevailed. He had no other visible way of living; and, though ignorant, illiterate, and unskilful, having been elevated so high, and so far beyond his desert, it was hoped he would, at least, be submissive, docile, and tractable; and grateful for past favours. In this also, we were miserably disappointed.

In his plan for 1816, he tells us, that in July 1806, his opponents endeavoured to obtain his dismissal; but could not succeed. He does not, however, mention the reason; which was, that he and his partisans made above three hundred new votes; and brought persons who were strangers to his conduct, and prejudiced by their partial statements, to out-number the old members, who had determined on his expulsion.

When proxies were procured, and a sufficient number of new and old members assembled; and

likely to have a majority, with the aid of the proxies, he was allowed to resign; an instance of lenity for which he has made a very ill requital. *Perit quod facis ingrato.*

His acceptance of the bounty of the Society, in addition to the salary which was due, his retention of the Registers and correspondence of the Society, his opposition to them, and his forcible as well as fraudulent inoculation of their patients, whom he intercepted, are still fresh in the memory of the public; and need not be repeated.

His total want of qualification for the offices which he had undertaken, is on record. Abundant evidence of it may be found in the Medical Journal; in the Register of the Society which is in the possession of Mr. Murray; and in the Vaccine Scourge. It there appears, that he was arrogant, ignorant, negligent, and disobedient; that he refused to obey the just and reasonable commands of the Medical Council; and that he was guilty of more than one breach of trust.

It also appears, that he was guilty of malpractice; and though it is impossible to ascertain all the ill consequences that have resulted from such malpractice, it is our duty to put the public on their guard, in order to prevent a repetition of it, especially when he is granting diplomas to all the quacks in the kingdom, and sanctioning them in following his example. One of his Inoculators is Mr. Campbell; who cures all sorts of incurable disorders with *Elephant's Milk.*

In his plan for 1814, it appears, that he grants his diplomas to those who *are not*, as well as to those who *are*, of the medical profession; and that Inoculators in the country are requested, and *authorized*, to put up a board, with the following or a similar inscription: "*Protection from the Small-pox, under the sanction of the London Vaccine Institution.*"

Then is to follow the name of the farrier, cobler, barber, barber-surgeon, apothecary, man-midwife, tooth-drawer, druggist, chemist, oilman, cheesemonger, drysalter, or grocer, who dispenses the blessing of vaccination gratuitously, under the sanction of Dr. Walker and his Board of Managers; and as these *medical gentlemen* will charge handsomely for their medicines, it is reasonable to suppose they will pay handsomely for their diplomas.

They will naturally conclude, that the Archbishop of Canterbury, whom Dr. Walker has presumed to set down as one of his Presidents, had some share in granting such a diploma to every desperate adventurer, who subscribes to the Doctor's Institution, and inoculates under his sanction. His Grace, it is true, has the privilege of making physicians; but he cannot make a surgeon; and if he could, we have no reason to think he would so far abuse his privilege, as to make such surgeons. This task was left for Dr. Walker, and his Board of Managers; among whom we see Mr. John Fox, once a tailor, now a tooth-drawer, Mr. Joseph Lancaster, and Mr. John Taunton, the noted Inoculator for the Small-pox. Whether the object of the Doc-

tor, and his Board, was revenge or subscriptions, "*verily they have their reward.*"

If, however, revenge is their object, it is a pitiful revenge; wreaked, not on the Society, against which it is aimed, but on the pockets of the public, who are always credulous, and on the most helpless and defenceless of the human race; for such are, in general, the subjects of inoculation. Is it not sufficient, that the Legislature permits every individual to practise inoculation, or any other branch of medicine, a privilege of which no rational man would wish to deprive him? Is it necessary to vest ignorance with new powers, and to clothe it with an additional sanction? This is what Dr. Walker, and his Board of Managers, have done; and the reason is evident. The motley crew, thus elected, are not only likely to subscribe; but they are directed to make an annual return of the numbers inoculated by them, in order to swell the Doctor's list; and such inoculators are not, in general, very nice in their calculations. Many of them will, in all probability, like other quacks, pretend to a hundred times more than they really perform.

Dr. Walker's ambition, like that of many other adventurers, proved his downfal; but such is his art, such is his assurance, and such are his principles, that whenever he falls, he falls like Antæus, only to rise again with new strength. *Aut Cæsar, aut nullus*, is his motto. Instead of being a servant, and a hireling; he aspired to be the lord and master of the

Royal Jennerian Society ;

"and rather than be less,
Reck'd not to be at all."

He was, therefore, in the continual habit of publishing his sentiments in the Medical Journals; and, unfortunately, his sentiments, and the language in which he expressed them, were such as reflected no credit on himself, or on those who had elected him, or on the distinguished character who had recommended him to their notice. Prudent advice, friendly cautions and admonitions, and serious remonstrances, were all tried, in order to prevent a repetition of such misconduct; but tried in vain. *True Quakerian pertinacity* rejected them all with contempt.

The author of the discovery was enraged; and well he might be so, when he contemplated the disgrace brought on an Institution, bearing his name, and honoured with his patronage. He wrote letter after letter; and could not restrain his indignation. He asked why we suffered the man to proceed in his mad career; and why we did not take away pen, ink, and paper from him. This, however, was impracticable; and *true Quakerian pertinacity* still refused to submit.

One letter, which he inserted in a medical journal, without orders, and without any authority, had been addressed to him, as Secretary to the Medical Council of the Society, by Dr. Clarke of Nottingham; who wished to ask our opinion; and had not

corrected it, nor intended it, for publication. What aggravated this offence was, that the same arrogant, conceited, and self-sufficient being, who published the letter without authority, accompanied it with a comment; in which he endeavoured to show his superiority over our correspondent.

This was the more unjustifiable, when, in fact, his inferiority was apparent, both to the members of the Council, and to every other medical man, who was in the least acquainted with the very elements of vaccination. *True Quakerian pertinacity* pretended, and still pretends, in every successive plan published by the bastard Institution, that inflammation, and induration, about the tenth day, is a certain criterion of security; but reason, and experience, and all modern practitioners of sound understanding refuse their assent to that unwarrantable proposition.

By his rough usage of the vesicle, he generally took care that this criterion should be complete; but, in the Medical Journal for the next month, I stated that his opinion was dangerous, and contrary to what had been laid down by all the best writers on the subject; and that it tended to lessen the extreme caution and circumspection, which all the other labourers in the vineyard of vaccination had so earnestly endeavoured to inculcate.

I declared, that his observation was calculated to put inoculators off their guard; and to render all the instructions of all the Vaccine Societies, as well as of individuals, null and void; and that if, after the rupture of a cow-pock, no vesication re-appeared,

it had hitherto been universally deemed necessary to repeat the operation, which is attended with very little trouble, and from which no harm is likely to ensue.

I also observed, that as to the induration and tumefaction subsequent to the rupture of a vesicle, they are in some measure the necessary consequences of that accident; partly from the injury itself; and partly from the irritation of the air, and perhaps of the nails and clothes of the patient. I therefore could not quit the subject, without entering my protest against such dangerous doctrines; declaring that neither induration, nor tumefaction, was any test of security; and that, if no case can be secure without induration or tumefaction, it by no means follows that the converse of the proposition is true, and that every case is secure when inflammation or tumefaction occurs.

In the same Journal, for May, is a letter from Dr. Clarke himself; in which he states, that when he addressed his former letter to the Secretary of the Royal Jennerian Society, he had not the most remote idea of appearing before the tribunal of the public.

I observed, that although Dr. Walker had made a long extract from the Report of the Cowpock Institution at Nottingham, he had omitted the more valuable part, and, among the rest, the resolution, that a surgeon should be appointed to visit the poor; to encourage and persuade them to accept of the advantages offered by the Institution; and to vacci-

nate as many as were willing to undergo the operation, and were deemed fit objects for the practice.

This is what I have done from the commencement of the practice; and still continue to do. The success which I have met with, may be inferred from the following extract of a letter from Dr. Jenner to a foreign physician then in London, inserted in the life of Jenner in the Public Characters. "I am happy that you have been introduced to my friend Ring. The discovery which I had the happiness to announce to the world, is much indebted to his ardent zeal, and indefatigable exertions, for the rapid progress which it has made; while some of those, who vainly conceive themselves instrumental in promoting its adoption," evidently meaning Dr. Woodville and Dr. Pearson, "have in reality, from their ignorance and indiscretion, rather retarded than accelerated its progress."

On another occasion he observes, that "it is surprising how many people write on the subject of Vaccination; and how few understand it." Among these, Dr. Walker, though one of the last, is not one of the least.

When Mr. Calton, surgeon of the Nottingham Cow-pock Institution, was in London, and, as well as other medical men, soliciting information on the subject, he was advised by Dr. Walker to call on me. I had then gratuitously vaccinated a greater number of private patients, than any other practitioner in the kingdom. In this respect the Editor of a Northern Medical Journal commits a mistake,

by asserting, that Mr. Rigby of Norwich had vaccinated three thousand patients, to whom a premium was given of half a crown a head; and that there was no other instance, in which so great a number had been vaccinated, at so small an expense to the public.

I had vaccinated a much more considerable number, without putting the public to any expense; and had refused to accept of any compensation. A large proportion of them I had the trouble of converting, and inoculating, at their own houses; particularly on the Surry side of the water, where, at that time, there was no public place of inoculation, either for the small-pox or the cow-pock.

Having rendered the knowledge and practice of vaccination general at the West end of the town, as well as in the Borough of Southwark, and all the neighbouring villages, I also, in a great measure, annihilated the shameful sale of matter, not always active, nor of the genuine kind, which long prevailed at the Small-pox Hospital, and at Dr. Pearson's Vaccine Pock Institution; by gratuitously disseminating, in every direction, and to all parts of the world, what I collected at home and abroad.

The managers of the Nottingham Institution thought my example worthy of imitation; and, on Mr. Calton's return, their success in visiting and inoculating the poor, at their own houses, exceeded every thing that had been done, in so short a space of time, out of London.

Dr. Walker's true Quakerian Pertinacity.

Dr. Walker glories in his true Quakerian pertinacity; but, unfortunately for his credit, and for those who place any confidence in his opinion, his *true Quakerian pertinacity* has induced him strenuously to maintain, for more than ten years, *false doctrine*, on a most important point, in which the lives of millions are concerned; in short, on a point, which, even by his own confession, involves the safety and happiness of mankind. That point is, the criterion of security in inoculation.

Dr. Walker's Criterion of Security.

Dr. Walker's criterion of security is induration of the arm, accompanied with inflammation; and, if the security is in proportion to the degree of induration and inflammation, no man affords a patient so complete a protection; of which the following case may serve as an example.

Laura Watkins, daughter of a gentleman of distinguished character in the literary world, was vaccinated in both arms by Dr. Walker. On the eighth day, when the areola was as large as a shilling, and when he ought not to have taken matter at all, unless in a case of absolute necessity, he pricked the vesicle on the right arm in several places; totally removed the cuticle from its surface, and wiped out

the sore with the skirt of the child's frock. He then charged two lancets, three or four vaccinators, and a considerable number of glasses.

He caused the part to bleed, by the rough manner in which he took the matter on the vaccinators: and, when charging the glasses, he first drew the flat surfaces of them over the sore; and then scrapad up more of the matter with their edges. *He also removed the cuticle from the left arm, but did not take any matter from it.*

The patient was carried to him again on the tenth day, according to his direction. The inflammation was then as large as a crown piece. He told Mrs. Watkins, that the child was secure; and need not be brought to him any more.

A few days after, red spots appeared on the face, neck, forearms, and legs; and, in about twenty-four hours, a vesicle rose on the centre of each. These were succeeded by other eruptions, resembling a nettle rash. Being local, and entirely confined to those parts which are most exposed, there was reason to believe they were bug-bites; and that the vesicles which appeared on them, for a few days, were occasioned by the increased irritability of the skin.

On the twentieth day, inflammation and tumefaction appeared on the right forearm; beginning at the elbow, and gradually advancing to the hand; and, on the twenty-first, a swelling appeared in the axilla of the same side, attended with great pain.

On the twenty-second day, she was brought to me. She was then reduced to a state of extreme

debility. The inflammation and tumefaction were principally confined to the wrist and hand. The axillary glands were enlarged; and her arm could ont be moved without occasioning great pain.

I directed that she should be kept in a recumbent posture, with the hand and arm elevated; and that a compress, with cold water, should be frequently applied to the part affected. By these means the symptoms gradually disappeared, first at the wrist, and afterwards at the hand; the interstitial fluid being gradually absorbed, and the inflammatory diathesis subdued; but the hand continued œdematous for some days.

A diarrhœa occurred soon after, which once more threatened danger; but yielded to astringents. This case was seen by Dr. Jenner, Mr. Blair, and Mr. Leese; who expressed their astonishment at Dr. Walker's continuing to perform such rash, wanton, and unjustifiable experiments; and at his obstinate perseverance in such a dangerous error.

On this occasion I observed, that it was surprising any persons could be found to countenance him in his mal-practice; and that such glaring instances of misconduct should prevail most in a quarter, where it was most natural to expect an example of good practice; and a rigid compliance with rational instructions. Such instructions, it is well known, had been given, and by those who had authority to give them; although the contrary was more than once impudently asserted by the despicable and unprincipled partizans of Dr. Walker.

Among those instructions are the following; which unfortunately, it then was, and still is necessary to repeat.

1. An accurate knowledge of the signs of infection, and of the character and progress of the vaccine vesicle, is essential to the success of this inoculation.

2. *The success of the operation is doubtful, when there is any considerable deviation from the usual course of the disease.*

3. Matter is to be taken by *small superficial punctures*, made in several parts of the vesicle, with a lancet introduced *horizontally*. Time should be allowed for the fluid to exude; which will appear on the vesicle, in the form of small pellucid drops. If necessary, very slight pressure may be applied with the flat surface of the lancet, to quicken the discharge.

4. *Vaccinators require much less matter than thread or glass.* When they are not intended to be used soon, they ought to be repeatedly charged.

5. *An assurance of security from vaccine inoculation, can only be obtained by carefully observing the whole progress of the disease. If any doubt remains, the operation ought to be repeated.*

Among other circumstances, which the inoculator was enjoined to notice, by the instructions of the Society, are *the peculiar areola with which the vesicle is surrounded, and the peculiar scab into which it is converted*; circumstances which it is impossible to notice, when the vesicle is destroyed at an early period, and never appears again.

From Dr. Walker's opinions, and practice, it evidently appears, that, whether from carelessness, ignorance, indolence, indifference, or conceit, he treated all the instructions of the Society, and all the suggestions of reason, with contempt; and persevered in his headstrong career with *true Quakerian pertinacity.*

Those instructions I drew up with great care and attention, at the request of the Society; availing myself of all the assistance which the written documents of others, or my own, could afford; and twice read them to the Medical Council, improving them by their united knowledge. In that Council, consisting of fifty-one members, was almost every eminent physician and surgeon of this metropolis; particularly those who had distinguished themselves in vaccination.

Among those who occasionally attended, and assisted in the discussions on the subject, or sanctioned the instructions, which were the result of those discussions, with their signatures, were Drs. Jenner, Baillie, Blane, now Sir Gilbert Blane, Lister, Willan, Adams, Woodville, Babington, Curry, Denman, Croft, Clarke, Lettsom, Marcet, Yelloly, Hamilton, and Hooper; and the following surgeons, Home, now Sir Everard Home, Bart. Abernethy, Cooper, Addington, Aikin, Blair, Dimsdale, Ford, Hurlock, Knight, L. Leese, E. Leese, Lewis, Parkinson, Paytherus, Pearson, and Wilson. It ill becomes any individual, especially such an individual as Dr. Walker, to assume a superiority over such

men; and to treat their instructions with indifference and contempt.

If he is determined *still* to persevere in his foolish and insane career, with *true Quakerian pertinacity*, "and shine, eccentric, like a comet's blaze," let him not drag all the druggists, chemists, apothecaries, and quacks, of London, into his vortex. Let him no more promulgate his laws. Like the laws of Draco, they are *written in blood*.

I have lately seen the daughter of Dr. Watkins, who had nearly fallen a victim to his ignorance, and his temerity. Her arms are dreadfully scarred, her constitution is greatly debilitated; and she will carry the marks of his cruelty to the grave.

What but downright madness, consummate folly, and the last degree of infatuation, could induce a hireling, who had no other visible means of subsistence, to disobey the lawful and reasonable commands of his superiors and employers? What but a wrong head, a crack-brain, the most perverse obstinacy, the most determined audacity, and *true Quakerian pertinacity*, could induce a man just emerging from darkness and obscurity, and shining with borrowed light, to despise the dictates of wisdom and experience, and the most eminent members, and brightest luminaries, of the medical profession? But it is a favourite and avowed maxim of Dr. Walker, that "*he never does any thing with so much pleasure, as when he acts in direct opposition to the advice of his best friends.*"

Many other eminent physicians and surgeons,

belong to the Society, among whom are Sir Henry Halford, Sir Walter Farquhar, Dr. Saunders, Dr. Blackburne, Dr. Bain, and Mr. Cline. These, if they did not belong to the Council, also gave their tacit approbation, and sanction, to the instructions which Dr. Walker, their hireling, refused to obey.

It is true he was not consulted on the subject; for no member of the Council knew, or suspected, that his opinion was necessary to be asked. If he differed from them in sentiment, it was his duty to state that difference of opinion, or to resign his situation.

He was not then admitted a licentiate of the College of Physicians; and when he offered himself a candidate for that honour, and was examined, he was several times rejected. It is, even now, generally supposed, that he was at length admitted out of compassion.

When he stood candidate for the situation of Inoculator at the Central House, and Secretary to the Medical Council, his competitors were Dr. Domeier, Mr. Edward Leese, and a navy surgeon. The last appeared to be utterly unacquainted with the practice. Dr. Domeier had the interest of the Royal Family, and great exertions were made in his behalf; but he was not well acquainted with the English language; and Dr. Walker stood more in need of preferment.

Besides, he was supposed to have some claim on our suffrages, on account of his co-operation with Dr. Marshall, in propagating the practice in

foreign parts. His motives for going abroad, and his misconduct, were not then generally known. My colleague, Mr. Edward Leese, was less experienced in vaccination; and did not offer himself as a candidate, till almost all the votes were engaged in favour of Dr. Walker.

Dr. Walker self-convicted.

Dr. Walker had no sooner taken his seat, as Secretary to the Medical Council, than his total incapacity to write the minutes, and carry on the correspondence of the Council, was apparent to every member of the Board. In this dilemma, they accepted the services of any one of their colleagues, who was willing to officiate for him. Mr. Fox commonly officiated; and covered the nakedness of his friend.

In a Report of his London Vaccine Institution, in answer to the general inquiries of the Royal College of Physicians, appointed by His Majesty to investigate the subject of vaccination, is the following paragraph:

"It is a practice so simple, and evident in its effects, that *mistakes can hardly occur in it, except through extreme ignorance, or neglect*; and, even on this account, it is much to be preferred to the small-pox; which is sometimes strongly resembled by other cutaneous diseases."

What shall we say, then, of Dr. Walker, the

Director of that Institution, now usurping the title of the Royal Jennerian Society, who, in Dr. Clarke's practice alone, betrayed an utter ignorance of the subject, and made a capital mistake in three cases? He stands self-convicted. *Ex ore tuo te judicabo.*

Either vaccination is not so simple, and evident in its effects, in which case he is culpable, for encouraging ignorant and illiterate people to practise it under his sanction; or he is extremely ignorant, and negligent, for not understanding, describing, and practising it, in a very different manner from what he has ever yet done.

He tells us, in his Address, "*it will shed consolation into the bosom of every family*;" but, alas! I have known many a family, that has had reason to rue the day, in which they believed him, when he told them this flattering tale. It will naturally be supposed, that I here allude to his own practice; and that of others, who are so simple, and ignorant, as to listen to his counsel.

I have now before me his Report for 1815, with the city arms, by way of a take-in, on the cover, and an impudent puff, that he is patronized by the Corporation; as well as by His Majesty's Ministers, members of both Houses of Parliament, and the Honourable the East India Company. None of these honourable bodies, or individuals, will derive any additional honour from patronizing imposition, and mal-practice. The motto to the arms is Domine, dirige nos; which, for the sake of some of his col-

leagues, I shall translate, *Lord direct us.* It is very necessary that all his followers should offer up this prayer; for the Lord have mercy upon them, if they have no other director than Dr. Walker.

In the title-page of his Report we are told, that his Society is supported by voluntary contributions; but it is a very doubtful matter, whether subscriptions are voluntary, which are obtained under false pretences.

If the proceedings of the Society are fraudulent, all their hypocritical cant about charity serves only to aggravate their crimes; and to fill up the measure of their guilt. An eminent physician, speaking of their Institution, and its prosperous state, called it successful villany; and villany is not the less villany, because it is successful.

Ille crucem, sceleris pretium tulit, hic diadema.

Walker, Leaper, and Fox, who founded the London Vaccine Institution, inveigled a number of subscribers, by artfully pretending, that Dr. Walker was principally opposed by persons who were anxious for his situation. Nothing could be more false; for none of his principal opponents were ever candidates for his situation; or ever thought it worthy of their acceptance.

One of the triumvirate who founded the Institution has been expelled by the Society of Quakers,

for worshipping the Cyprian Goddess, and for the labours of love:

Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ.

He is poor, it is true; but that is no reason why he should collect money under false pretences; or be supported in his gallantries by voluntary subscriptions.

He is one of those wolves in sheep's clothing, who go about

"In a Quaker's plain garb, and ask alms
For the London Vaccine Institution."

If report is true, he is a defaulter towards the Institution, as well as towards Government, to a considerable amount; but *true Quakerian pertinacity*, and public credulity, may still enable him to fatten on the job; and to make his fortune.

At the annual meeting of the Institution, then called the London Vaccine Institution, at the City of London Tavern, on the 28th of January 1816, William Darton, Vice-President in the Chair, the Board of Managers congratulated the Governors on the success of their appeal to the public. They observe, that it is animating to be patronized by public bodies. The grants of £100 from the Corporation of the City of London, of £10 from the Worshipful Company of Carpenters, and of £100 from the East India Company, may well make all those Worshipful

Companies appear right worshipful in the eyes of Dr. Walker and his adherents.

The press will groan with their publications; and has already groaned with them; for it appears by a subsequent Report, that in the course of the last year, they have expended five hundred pounds more than usual, particularly in pamphlets and papers, to enlighten the public mind, and make other people as learned and intelligent as Dr. Walker.

They pretend to great merit in sending the means of vaccination to Canada; which I had repeatedly done, with success, twelve years before; and conclude with informing us, that subscriptions are received by all the managers, by Darton, Harvey, and Darton, and last, not least, by Dr. Walker.

By a letter from Mr. Harvey I am informed, that when Dr. Walker assumed the title of Royal Jennerian Society for his Institution, he withdrew himself and his name in disgust. His partner's name is continued, without his knowledge or consent; but there is no reason to doubt, that he and every other honest man will follow Mr. Harvey's example.

In their Report of January last, they inform us, that Prince Saunders, a *black* from Boston, *a gentleman of high character, as well as talent,* having been under the tuition of Dr. Walker, and supplied with cow-pock matter, is gone to St. Domingo; in order to plant vaccination in that island. It is much to be regretted, however, that this *gentleman* has not altered his destination; for intelligence has long since

reached England of the practice being already established there.

No one can lament more than I do the lot of the unhappy Africans, or more sincerely pray for their emancipation and improvement. Being, therefore, willing to believe what I wish to be true, I conclude that Prince Saunders is a man of talent. One thing, however, I know, though I do not wish it to be true—*There is more than one Black in that Institution.*

They tell us, they have a much greater number of practitioners employed in their service, than all the other vaccine institutions put together; and this is probably true; for all the other vaccine institutions have shown some respect to character and qualification, while they have been receiving all the most despicable quacks of London into the bosom of their Society, and sanctioning them with their diploma.

The gentlemen of the long robe commonly observe, when one of their learned profession is called to the bar, that many are called, but few are chosen; and this remark is equally applicable to some other learned professions. But what shall we say to a man, who publishes the following advertisement, as one of Dr. Walker's inoculators has done?

"The astonishing efficacy of the milk of elephants, as an unrivalled remedy for the cure of a certain disease, debility, gleets, seminal weaknesses, impotency, nervous complaints, and female irregularities, has been fully proved in every part of Europe. Twenty thousand bottles were shipped off

last week for Russia; and it is highly probable that in a short time these dreadful diseases will be banished from Europe for ever. The proprietor, Mr. Campbell, Surgeon, No. 29, Great Marlborough Street, has published a Treatise on the Lac Elephantis, price 1*s.* 6*d.* with a plain prescription, whereby all persons affected by impure connexion, can radically cure themselves, for 5*s.* the first day. To be had at his house; and, by order, of all booksellers. The milk is sold in bottles, at 11*s.* and in *pills*, at 2*s.* 9*d.* the box; and we are authorized to state, that the poor of every description are supplied with the same at half price; while the strictest secrecy is observed in all cases. **** Sent to all parts of the kingdom, warranted to be delivered."

[*See Morning Advertiser, July* 2*d*, 1816.

Well may the London Vaccine Institution boast of the number of their inoculators; and the share they have had in conferring the benefit of vaccination on the public. It is, however, to be hoped, that the Royal College of Surgeons will insert a clause in the next Bill which they bring into Parliament; enabling them to expel any member of that College, who shall advertise a quack medicine, or, in any other way attempt such a flagrant imposition on the public.

It was no less an imposition in Dr. Walker, to set down Mr. Battley, a chemist, of Cripplegate, one of his managers, and Mr. Fox, once a tailor, and now a tooth-drawer, Mr. Rose, a chemist, late of Parliament Street, and Mr. Burnham, druggist,

of Holborn, as medical men. Even Mr. Barrow, one of his managers and inoculators, and Mr. Lightfoot, one of his inoculators, being only apothecaries, and neither physicians nor surgeons, come in a very questionable shape. Mr. Williams, the chemist, in Piccadilly, another of his inoculators, is too modest to make any pretensions to the character of a medical man. He knows too well what blunders were committed, and what mischief was done, by his friend Buckland the apothecary at Clapham, whose nostrum he sold, by taking up the vaccine lancet before he was acquainted with the use of it; and will naturally shun the rock, on which he split.

When I more particularly name the pseudo-practitioners at the west end of the town, it is not from any invidious, or selfish motive; but it still remains to be proved that any apothecary, who commenced practice before the passing of the late act, is a medical man.

No one can now pass the streets, without being annoyed with an inscription of "Vaccination gratis, under the sanction of the London Vaccine Institution," in one pane of glass, Macassar Oil in a second, and Patent Blacking, in a third. In short, vaccination is now become *quite a drug*.

Notice is given, at the end of their last Report, that the benefits of this "*life-saving*," and, we may be permitted to add, *money-saving* "Association, are continually diffused, by every mail, from the metropolis." It is, therefore, devoutly to be

wished, that they may be diffused in a pure, and uncontaminated state.

Having written, in my various publications on this subject, an account of more than one catastrophe, which has occurred from polluted matter, particularly the Clapham tragedy, and that in Nursery Place, in the former of which Mr. Buckland was the principal actor, and in the latter Dr. Walker, I may be allowed to excuse myself from expatiating on that topic in this place. Justice, however, and humanity, and an imperious call of duty, forbid me to be altogether silent.

True Quakerian Pertinacity.

In nothing is Dr. Walker's *true Quakerian pertinacity* more evident, than in a perseverance in his insatiable avarice, and inordinate ambition; and imposing on the public. New editions of his Report, with alterations and additions, succeed each other so rapidly, that it is difficult to keep pace with them. The Society may, indeed, well say, Who hath believed our Report? The answer is, The good people of England; the same who believed the Report of Brothers, the Report of Joanna Southcott, and the Report of the Cock-lane Ghost.

A more barefaced and audacious attempt, to pick the pockets of persons charitably disposed, never came from the press. It may produce a rich harvest to Dr. Walker their Director, Dr. Thornton

his Assistant-Director, Mr. Cass and Mr. Lilly his Inoculators, and Mr. Purser his Secretary and Collector; but it is the duty of every honest man to set his face against it; and to undeceive the public.

The artful and imposing manner, in which this daring attempt is made, renders it probable, indeed, that before a successful stand is made against it, the parties concerned will fill their coffers; and make their fortunes. It is, however, better late than never, to detect and expose the fraudulent practices of the most numerous, and unprincipled set of impostors that has ever existed in Great Britain.

There may be, and probably there are, some persons of honour and integrity, in the executive part of that Institution. Friendship, humanity, charity, may have induced them to enter into it; and to take an active part in its concerns. Let them beware with whom they associate, and into what societies they enter. The police is now in an active state; and it is dangerous to be seen in the company of *reputed* thieves.

Such language may appear harsh to those who do not know to what fraud and chicane the secret managers, and conductors of that Society, have had recourse. They have left no art, no stratagem, untried, and no crooked policy unattempted, that was likely to promote their sinister designs; and accomplish their great objects, avarice and ambition.

Not satisfied with assuming, and usurping, the title of Royal Jennerian Society for his bastard vac-

cine institution, Dr. Walker, whose loyalty is a little equivocal, wearies, and nauseates us, with his flattering and fulsome enumeration of the titles and honours of "*His Most Excellent Majesty, George the Third*, Sovereign of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, with their dependencies, and of the Kingdom of Hanover, &c. &c. Patron; *Her Most Excellent Majesty*, Queen Charlotte, his Royal Consort, Patroness;" and all the younger branches of the Royal Family, Vice-Patrons and Vice-Patronesses of the Royal Jennerian Society. But what is the Royal Jennerian Society to him, or he to the Royal Jennerian Society, of which he is an exile, and an outcast?

He acts the part of Mezentius, and ties the living to the dead. He ties the Duchess of Rutland, and the Duchess of Northumberland, to the Duchess of Devonshire, as Vice-Patronesses; and the author of these observations to Lord Auckland, and Dr. Woodville, as Vice-Presidents. He also gives the Society twelve Presidents, instead of one; and this is a problem not difficult to be solved, when we recollect, that the officers of all charitable institutions, in general, subscribe according to their rank.

His Vice-Presidents, Collectors, and Sub-Collectors, will, no doubt, be multiplied in proportion. Among the first he has set down Dr. Davids, of Rotterdam, and Mons. Jean Baptiste Say, of Paris; and as he retains the dead, as well as the living members of the Society, by way of swelling the numbers, lengthening the list, and holding out the

greater allurement to the public, it is a wonder that he did not also enroll his old friends, Tom Paine, Muir, Tandy, the Director Ravaillac Lepaux, Bonaparte's Aide-de-Camp, and the other revolutionary characters, whom he used to join, while at Paris, in their social evening's conversations.

When he pretends that he is patronized by His Majesty's Ministers, it is surprising he did not insert the name of the Earl of Liverpool. He had not His Lordship's consent: but that makes no difference with him. He had not Mr. Rose's consent; and Mr. Rose informed me, that he not only refused his consent to Walker and Leaper, but strictly enjoined them, both by word of mouth and by letter, not to put down his name; and yet they did put it down. Thus they press His Majesty's Ministers into their service; knowing that their patronage will be a powerful recommendation to many other persons of rank and fortune.

The name of Lord Hobart, afterwards Earl of Buckinghamshire, and late President of the Board of Control, still remains. When His Lordship was Governor of Madras, he sent a letter to the Royal Jennerian Society; which Dr. Walker, into whose hands it fell, as Secretary to the Medical Council, published without any authority. Indeed, he never yet bowed to any authority; nor ever showed the least respect to any authority, unless his own interest required it; and even then, it was with reluctance, and with a very bad grace.

Several other Vice-Presidents, whose names are

retained, have paid the debt of nature; and if nine out of ten of his Board of Managers had done the same, the public would sustain no loss. There is one Fox among them, and two Swans; but a number of geese.

Mr. Swan is his printer, *Rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno.* He has an evident interest in sitting at the board, and in supporting the Society that supports him. Other tradesmen do the same. It is the duty of the governors of such institutions to watch them with a jealous eye; and, where there are such managers, it would require all the eyes of Argus to prevent abuses.

Among the Managers, the number of whom is forty-eight, are two or three who may be considered respectable; but there is every reason to believe, that their names have been put down without their own consent. One thing, however, must strike every person who reads Dr. Walker's plan; which is, that he has not, in the list of his inoculators, a single person who has distinguished himself by his talents in the vineyard of vaccination. *By their fruits ye shall know them; for neither do men gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles.*

The Bastard Royal Jennerian Society.

I have already alluded, once or more, to the "*Bastard Institutions,*" as the Reviewer in a celebrated publication calls them, *created for the purpose of filling the pockets of a set of adventurers,*

without education, and destitute of principle." Like that learned critic, I could also name several wretches, "*who have fattened, and are still fattening, by such jobs.*" No one is more sensible of the truth of this observation, than Dr. Walker.

When he and his adherents assert, that His Majesty has honoured their Society with his express sanction, and condescended to become their Patron, they attempt a barefaced and palpable imposition on the public. They might as well pretend to the patronage of the Great Mogul. When I proposed that we should solicit the patronage of the Royal Family, and that the Society should be called the Royal Jennerian Society, I little suspected that those honours would have been usurped by an illegitimate Institution. I should as soon have supposed, that they would follow the example of Oliver Cromwell, and usurp the Crown.

Plan and Regulations of the Bastard Royal Jennerian Society.

The plan of the spurious Royal Jennerian Society bears some resemblance to that of the genuine one; there is, however, this difference, that Dr. Walker, who was only in a servile capacity, being resident Inoculator, and Secretary to the Medical Council, in the genuine Society, is *Director* in the spurious one. He is at present, indeed, the *Dictator*; but whether he will be allowed to be a *perpetual Dictator*, may well admit of a doubt.

No Governor is to have the privilege of voting, till he has belonged to the Society six months. Had this law, which I proposed in the genuine Society, and to which Walker always objected, originally passed, the Society would not have found it so difficult to turn him out. He could not then have brought forward his contemptible partizans, who were ignorant of the case; nor have set justice, and reason, and Jenner, and decency at defiance.

We are told, that sixteen of his Managers must be of the medical profession; and a strange medley they are. One is in his dotage; one, who formerly sat on a shopboard, is now a tooth-drawer. Two of them have done all in their power to disseminate and perpetuate the small-pox; and three or four of them are apothecaries; and, of course, ought to be nailed to their counters, like bad shillings, to prevent them from doing mischief.

The Presidents and Vice-Presidents, of whom, according to their statement, I have the honour to be one, are, *ex officio*, members of that Board. I shall, however, defer taking my seat, till that Augean stable is cleansed.

A house is to be provided for the Society, in some convenient part of the metropolis; and no one would be more proper than *Bridewell*, *Newgate*, or *Bedlam*.—"In *this house* the Inoculators shall reside, and *conduct the business of the Institution*; and the *Managers* also shall hold their meetings here, *if they find it convenient*."

There is to be a general meeting of the Gover-

nors on the first Thursday in April; but it would be more proper to hold it on the first of that month, being *All-fools' Day*.

But whatever may be urged against the London Vaccine Institution, with Dr. Walker at their head, they have acted wisely in one respect. They insist on obedience to the instructions of their Director, in all those whom the Board of Managers may elect as Resident Inoculators on his recommendation.

Discipline, and due subordination, are the life and soul of business, both in peace and in war; and happy would it have been for Dr. Walker, as well as for his betters, if he had shown that deference and obedience to lawful authority, which he now exacts from those who are under his command.

This mock-Society still retains the regulation by which it is ordained, that they will grant diplomas to such persons as shall distinguish themselves in vaccination, whether residing in the British empire, or in any other part of the world; which will have the double effect of increasing the number of inoculations under their auspices, and the number of the faculty. A diploma from Dr. Walker, of St. Andrew's, Holborn, will have the same authority, and the same virtue, as a diploma from the University of Saint Andrews; and, in all probability, will, in a short time, be sold at the same price.

There is to be an annual festival on the 17th of May; that being the birth-day of Dr. Jenner. I should rather have thought May-day the most proper for the celebration of Dr. Walker's festival;

that being the day when the gentlemen of the black-robe, who, like him, are of an *aspiring genius*, indulge themselves in festal mirth and good cheer.

I would also recommend, that the Jenneric Opera, written by Dr. Walker, as a satire on Dr. Jenner, in which he represents him as a country-apothecary, riding up to London on a cow, and going round a-begging to all the nobility and gentry, should be performed on that occasion; in order to heighten the merriment of the company. High Life below Stairs will be a proper farce; in which servants assume the dress and characters of their masters; and give themselves the same airs as other slaves did, once a year, in the Saturnalia at Rome. The part of Dr. Jenner should be performed by his rival, Dr. Walker, under the title of *the Director*.

Next appears the Memoir, containing some account of Dr. Jenner, principally extracted from an oration of Dr. Lettsom. Several motives may have induced Dr. Walker to insert this memoir in his manual. First, it serves as an *ad captandum*, and as a bait for gudgeons; in order to procure subscriptions, and raise money under false pretences; for it is the way to identify Dr. Jenner with his Institution, and make the public suppose that he and Dr. Walker are one.

Secondly, it is the way to aggrandize Dr. Walker, and raise him in public estimation; for when the orator so pathetically laments the absence of his learned associate, Dr. Walker, the Christian name not being prefixed, it is natural the public

should conclude, that the person meant was Dr. John Walker, the well-known trumpeter of his own fame.

At the conclusion of the Memoir, we are told, that Dr. Jenner removed the veil which concealed the sacred mysteries of the antient Isis; and I shall remove the veil which conceals the profane mysteries of the modern Isis; who, like the antient, is worshipped in the form of a cow. The Memoir contains a short history of Vaccination; but it does not contain any history of the calumny and detraction which appeared in Dr. Reece's Medical Observer, and other Grub Street publications, from the pen of Dr. Walker.

The next article in his *hand-book*, or rather *hand-bill*, is the history of the Royal Jennerian Society; in which it is stated, that the idea of the formation of a vaccine institution in London, for daily gratuitous inoculation, and supply of matter, free of expense, originated with Dr. Walker. This is a false assertion. The author of these observations had years before established one at his house; and vaccinated great numbers both at home and abroad, free of expense; besides furnishing matter, free of expense, to multitudes, in all parts of the world, particularly to Dr. Marshall, Dr. Walker's own colleague, in his foreign expedition.

This Institution, it is true, was not in the city of London; but it was at the west end of the town, and an ample supply was daily furnished, free of expense, to all parts of the metropolis; and the

establishment of one public Institution, or more, was in contemplation. It had even been mentioned by Dr. Jenner to the Lady of the Speaker of the House of Commons; and to others who had influence to promote such undertakings.

The plan was intended to be carried into execution, on Dr. Jenner's return to town; but necessity has no law: and Dr. Walker's necessity was great, not allowing him to wait till the winter. He was returned from the Mediterranean, and from Egypt; and had brought nothing back with him but Egyptian darkness and crocodile's tears. He had made some claims on Government, for pretended services; which were not allowed. The Sick and Hurt Board turned a deaf ear to his petitions.

For a while, vaccination did not appear to be any particular object of his regard. He was then an inmate of the late Mr. Fox, the dentist; and, at length, whether he was tired of his dependence, or Mr. Fox of his dependent, he began "all to bethink him" of inoculation, and came to me twice or three times a week; requesting me to furnish him with all the cowpock matter I could possibly spare. With this request I willingly complied; and he began to inoculate with might and main.

Soon afterwards, he informed me, that he was inoculating gratis, at Mr. Fox's in Lombard Street; and asked me whether I would co-operate with him in forming a vaccine institution in the city. I answered, that I was at all times ready to co-operate with any man, in forming a vaccine institution in any

place. About a fortnight after this, I was desired to attend a meeting of his friends; and my opinion was asked by Dr. Lettsom, concerning the best mode of accomplishing the intended purpose. I advised, that there should be a considerable number of stations; where vaccination should be gratuitously performed, and matter gratuitously distributed.

This proposal met with general approbation; and it was suggested by more than one of the company, that salaries should be attached to the office of the medical practitioners, who performed the duty. To this I objected, as did every professional man present, except Dr. Walker. At the next meeting, the denouement of the plot, and the cloven hoof, began to show themselves more distinctly. The Doctor did not make his appearance; and an apology was made, that he did not make his appearance because he intended to hold a lancet.

I observed, that others also intended to hold a lancet, and had long held a lancet; but that was no reason why we should not make our appearance; and show our faces at the meeting. It was, however, soon evident, that private, and not public motives, had prompted Dr. Walker to call this meeting; and that the thing was meant to be converted into *a job*.

A letter was produced, written by a distinguished character, and procured by the joint solicitations of Dr. Walker and his host, who, by this time, probably wished to get rid of him, and to get rid of him with a good grace; in which that distinguished cha-

racter, with his wonted easiness and good nature, suffered himself to be made a tool to those artful and designing men.

He there informed the meeting, that Dr. Walker was the only person whom he could recommend to them as an inoculator; on account of his services, and the sacrifices which he had made. The author of these observations had rendered much greater services, and made much greater sacrifices, both to him, and to the cause of vaccination; but was not much surprised at this return; for "*he knew what was in man.*"

The next meeting was held at the house of a sugar-baker; who, on my proposing to solicit the assistance and co-operation of the eminent physicians and surgeons at the west end of the town, and of the nobility and gentry, sternly declared, that he did not wish for the subscriptions of the nobility and gentry; and that he wished to let the world see, that the merchants of London were able to support a vaccine institution without any assistance. A Quaker-physician, belonging to a hospital at the west end of the town, a great stickler for Dr. Walker, also declared, that he did not wish for any Lord to belong to the Institution; for where a Lord was, no other person could ever be heard.

This gentleman, if such he could be called, felt sore, in consequence of some economical reforms, which the Earl of Grosvenor, and some other noblemen, tried to introduce into the hospital; but though aided in their laudable endeavours by Mr. Wilberforce, and all that was good and great in that

establishment, self-interest, extravagance, domestic intrigue, and *true Quakerian pertinacity*, ultimately prevailed. Possunt quia posse videntur, as Dr. Walker sagaciously observes; *for they can conquer, who believe they can.*

I represented to the company present, that although it was certain the merchants of London could support a vaccine institution, if they thought proper, yet they had many other institutions to support; and it was doubtful how far they would extend their bounty to that under consideration. I therefore again submitted to them, that the aid of the nobility, and of other persons of fortune at the west end of the town, was not to be despised.

Silence ensued; and I clearly discovered that my audience was obstinately prejudiced against all that I could say on the subject. Not, however, in the least daunted with this opposition to what, I conceived, humanity, justice, and the public good required, I waited on many of the principal physicians and surgeons at the west end of the town, particularly those who had shown themselves friendly to vaccination; and they all promised me their assistance.

I then waited on Admiral Berkeley, now Sir George Berkeley; to whom I was not altogether unknown, as having been introduced to him by Dr. Jenner; and having also been examined, on the subject of vaccination, by the Committee of the House of Commons, of which he was Chairman. He not only promised his assistance; but, as I expressed an intention of applying to other persons of rank and

distinction, he advised me to write immediately to Dr. Jenner, who, with other respectable inhabitants of Berkeley, was to dine at the Castle the next day; and request him to solicit the name of Lord Berkeley.

I more particularly requested the names of noblemen, and gentlemen of fortune, in order to render the advertisement for a general meeting of the friends of vaccination, at the London Tavern, respectable. Sir George Berkeley undertook to procure the name of the Duke of Clarence. He also advised me to call on Lord Somerville; who most readily agreed to lend his assistance; and, on my suggestion, likewise undertook to solicit the Royal patronage. This task, however, he afterwards wished to decline; but he came to the first meeting, at the London Tavern, and proposed to me, that it should be made an act of the general meeting; and the Earl of Egremont and Mr. Angerstein having waited on Lord Pelham, Secretary of State, their application was crowned with success.

Partly by the interest of Dr. Jenner, and partly by my own, the names and co-operation of many members of both Houses of Parliament were added to the list of those who patronized the Society; and even Dr. Walker himself now acknowledges the value of the Corinthian order. The stone which that builder rejected, is now become the chief stone in the corner.

He informs us, that Mr. Fox, the dentist, *open-end out* to him a Vaccinium, as he calls it, in his

own house in Lombard Street. He also informs us, that such signatures were obtained to an advertisement for calling a general meeting, in order to form the Jennerian Society, as excited much attention; and produced a numerous meeting. Among these are the Duke of Clarence; Earls Berkeley, Darnley, and Egremont; Lord Somerville, Admiral Berkeley, and Mr. Fuller. These were obtained in consequence of my exertions; as was the Royal Patronage; and a subscription of twenty-five guineas a year from the War Office, by order of the Commander in Chief, in consequence of my application to Mr. Knight.

I also obtained subscriptions and benefactions for the Society, within a short space of time, to the amount of two hundred guineas; and was elected one of the Committee, for carrying their important object into effect.

After informing us of his being elected to the office of Resident Inoculator, Dr. Walker gives an account of the first festival of the Society; at which, he tells us, it was announced, that they had *opened out* thirteen stations. He also tells us, that the proceedings of the Society were eminently sanctioned by high rank and professional talent. This high talent, and professional talent, however, could not long command respect from that audacious rebel, and determined revolutionist, Dr. Walker.

He says the thirteen stations *opened out, to which the extremely numerous company were invited to, recommended the children* from their respective neigh-

bourhoods. This, which is Greek to most people, is the language which he used to speak, and write, when he was an usher in Dublin. It is the language, into which he translated the revolutionary decrees of the Cisalpine Republic; which were sent into Ireland, to *enlighten* the peep-of-day boys; and kindle the flame of rebellion in that unhappy country.

It is, however, not intelligible to ordinary capacities; and, as I shall probably add a volume to my Treatise on the Cow-pox, in order to bring the history of vaccination down to the present time, I shall esteem it a favour if he, or his Board of Managers, will manage that department better in the next edition of their curious pamphlet. His printers and booksellers, as well as the Doctor himself, have a good job; and are well paid. They ought, therefore, in justice to the public, as well as to their own characters, to be a little more cautious what they publish.

Imposing Societies.

The learned Doctor proceeds in his historical account of the Jennerian Society; and interlards his narrative with occasional remarks. He tells us, that a Society, *happily so imposing* or *influential*, carried conviction to many minds. Here, also, it is to be regretted, that the printer, or one of his devils, did not correct the pointing; for it is very well known, that although Dr. Walker often makes an attempt, he has not the least notion either of *pointing*, or of

point. His own Institution, alias the Walkerian Society, alias the Walkerian Hoax, though *much less influential* than that of which it usurps the title, and purloins the revenues, is certainly *much more imposing*; and when he talks about the high sanction which the genuine Society received, most people believe that he has received the same; consequently he may go on, and prosper.

For fools of all sorts London is the place.

Minor Characters of the Jennerian Society.

The Doctor tells us, that the Royal Jennerian Society was likely to bear down all opposition to the practice; when some of the *minor characters* of the Society began violently, and even slanderously, to assail the few medical men who dared to write against it; and, from this treatment, he tells us, they *seemed* to become *incorrigible.*

The fact is, they were incorrigible before; and when the friends of vaccination assailed those blockheads, it was not with a hope of correcting them; but of undeceiving the public.

Dr. Walker seems to have a fellow-feeling for them; but

Take it as a rule,
No creature smarts so little as a fool.

Dr. Adams long ago showed the same fellow-feeling for them. The truth is, he was afraid the small-pox would die before Dr. Woodville; and that

he should never live to gratify his ambition; and see the promised land.

It is, however, desirable to know, who those minor characters of the Society are. The servant is not greater than his master; and Dr. Walker was the servant of the Society, and the only professional one; for he was the only medical practitioner who received wages.

As to his literary character, it is neither here nor there; and as to his professional talents, we had no magnifying glass, that could enable us to discover them.

When he drew his grey goose-quill, and wrote a satire, it was mistaken for a panegyric; and when he wrote a panegyric, it was mistaken for a satire. It would, therefore, be an act of humanity, as well as of prudence, if his Board of Managers would put a stop to the absurd, and unintelligible effusions of his pen:

> Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis,
> Tempus eget.

It is to be hoped, he will write no more panegyrics on vaccination; and pay no more fulsome compliments to the friends of the practice. When "HIS MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY, GEORGE THE THIRD, *Sovereign of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, with their Dependencies, and of the Kingdom of Hanover, &c. &c.*" and "HER MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY, QUEEN CHARLOTTE, his Royal Consort, as he expresses it, are announced

as the Patron and Patroness of an Institution, of which he is Director, they are not to be envied. When they are compelled to bear such insults, and submit to such indignities, they pay dearly for their rank; and for the crown they wear.

As to the calumny and detraction which Dr. Jenner and his friends have received at the hands of that desperate adventurer, in his Jenneric Opera and elsewhere, they are content to bear it, provided he will not again use the language of flattery towards them; nor lavish his encomiums on them in that polluted channel, the Medical Journal. His resentment can do very little harm; which is more than can be said of his adulation.

It is the slaver kills, and not the bite.

Let him not pride himself too much on his having risen to the highest pinnacle of his ambition. Oliver Cromwell did the same, Bonaparte did the same. In all cases of fermentation and commotion, whether in the body politic, or a barrel of ale, the scum rises to the top. How long it will remain there, is another question. Another fermentation, and another commotion, may cast it down; and it will then, once more, become the dregs.

Valet ima summis
Mutare, et insignem attenuat Deus,
Obscura promens: hinc apicem rapax
Fortuna, cum stridore acuto,
Sustulit; hic posuisse gaudet.

At length, as he informs us, the Medical Council, a body including these minor characters, as well

as others of a different description, of first-rate talent, and distinguished philanthropy, instituted an inquiry into the subjects of dispute. He does not seem to be aware, that merit is unostentatious; and that those characters who appear little in his eyes, and even in their own, may in reality be great.

He reminds us of the lines written on a full-length portrait of Beau Nash, placed between the busts of Newton and Pope, in the Pump Room at Bath.

Immortal Newton never spoke
More truth than here you'll find;
Nor Pope himself e'er pen'd a joke
More cruel on mankind.

The picture, plac'd these busts between,
Gives satire all its strength;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly at full length.

However humble the pretensions of the author of these remarks may be, Dr. Walker and his colleagues will not allow him to rank himself among the minor characters of the Society, to which they so pointedly and repeatedly allude. They have not only set him down as a Vice-President of the Society, and a Vice-President of the Council; but done him the honour to prefer his instructions for vaccine inoculation to all others.

These instructions, and the subsequent paragraph, occupy the last page of their pamphlet.

"*Central House of the Royal Jennerian Society, Oct. 6th*, 1803.

"At a meeting of the Medical Council, present, Dr. Denman in the Chair, Dr. Bradley, Dr. Lettsom, Mr. Fox, &c.

"The Council considering that, after the promulgation of the discovery of vaccination, many obstacles had occurred to the extension of the practice, to the removal of which Mr. Ring contributed in a particular manner; by his assiduity, his influence, his writings, and his successful practice, by which he promoted and extended vaccination throughout the Metropolis, as well as most parts of Europe,—under this conviction, the Medical Council recommend to the Board of Directors, to confer on him some signal mark of approbation, for his laudable and distinguished services.

"JOHN WALKER, *Medical Secretary*.

"On this recommendation, Mr. Ring was elected Vice-President of the Council."

Such is the concluding paragraph of Dr. Walker's curious, and contradictory publication; in which he refutes what he had so arrogantly asserted before, that no one had devoted himself to the cause of vaccination, and the service of the Society, with so much zeal and enthusiasm as himself.

He pretends that he made great sacrifices to these objects; and abandoned every prospect of other medical practice. The truth is, he had nothing else to do; and that he had no other prospect

of medical practice; or, at least, a very gloomy one. He was an inmate, and a troublesome one, of Mr. Fox, the dentist; who was determined to get rid of him in spite of his teeth.

He did not, therefore, make such a mighty sacrifice, as he wishes the world to believe. The only sacrifice he made, was that of poverty and rags, and, what was much more to his taste, a life of sycophancy, and mean dependence, to a lucrative and honourable situation; and one which would have been independent, had his talents and inclination allowed him to act like a rational man; and to fulfil his duty.

He tells us, that at an Annual Meeting, when the Duke of Bedford was in the chair, the thanks of the Society were voted to him; and that, in consequence of this, much envy and calumny were excited. The fact is, that annual meetings, and Dukes in chairs, know very little, and care very little, how public institutions are conducted; or they would be conducted much better than they are; and when we reflect on the motives by which people in general are induced to subscribe to charitable institutions, and to attend public meetings, we can hardly refrain from saying, in the words of Solomon, *Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!*

He pretends that the Central House was burnt down; and that he practised vaccination in the ruins. He may next pretend, as such a *rara avis* as himself does not appear every day, that he perished in the

flames; and, like the phœnix, rose again from his own ashes.

He informs us, that at a meeting of the Council, he should have said *a packed meeting*, a resolution passed approving of his conduct. The fact is, that few of the members, in general, attended; and still fewer discharged, or understood their duty. With respect to the majority of them, their *professional talent*, *distinguished philanthropy*, and *pure philanthropy*, as Dr. Walker calls it, in his fulsome and nauseating panegyric, all consisted in registering themselves as philanthropists, dining with us once a year, and attending an annual meeting. Verily I say unto you, they have their reward.

He has done himself, and me, the honour to introduce into his pamphlet my translation of a letter received by Dr. Jenner from Dr. Reyss of Makow; which I read at the last festival of the Society, at the request of Dr. Jenner, when the Duke of York was in the chair.

He afterwards gives some account, but a very lame, unfaithful, and insidious one, of the decline, and termination, of the labours of the Society, and of his own resignation; taking special care not to disclose the secret, that he made a virtue of necessity; and that he only resigned, to prevent the disgrace of being turned out from his situation.

A friendly Warning to Dr. Walker, and his Board of Managers.

Honesty is the best policy. I, therefore, sincerely advise Dr. Walker, and his Board, no more to assume the title of Royal Jennerian Society, to which, they must know, they have not the least claim; lest they should be brought before the Lord Mayor, as swindlers; and prosecuted for obtaining money under false pretences. I am informed that they have already been compelled to refund a legacy of a hundred pounds; and, it is to be hoped, they will be compelled to refund the rest of their ill-gotten store.

The Doctor informs us, that his friends wished to secure his further services in vaccination to the public; and happy would it be if he could prove, that his services were more unequivocal; and that his friends were also friends of the public.

He throws out some reflections against Mr. Gurney, whom he calls Counsellor Gurney, and Mr. Murray, Secretary to the Society, whom he calls *a sort of an attorney*. Let him take care not to provoke these respectable characters too far; lest they should bring him to the Old Bailey, or the Court of King's Bench, and indict him as an impostor.

I would also advise him, to be more cautious how he sends impertinent letters to such persons as Mr. Metcalf, who was the Solicitor against him in the legacy cause. He may call him *a sort of a solicitor*;

but he is a sort of a solicitor, who is not to be insulted with impunity.

The Doctor could find the papers and registers of the Society, the moment they were wanted for his own use; that is, when he assumed the title of the Royal Jennerian Society for his bastard institution; which is a proof, either that they were all along in his possession, or that he is a cunning man.

This cunning, on which he prides himself, some people are so uncourteous as to call knavery. One instance of it occurred soon after his election to office. Being a pedant, and a *homo trium literarum*, he sent a communication to the Medical Journal; in which he cast a reflection on the principal friends of vaccination; accusing them of the want of *critical acumen*. I answered him in the next number; and, having observed, in my manuscript, that he was yet to give the first specimen of *his critical acumen*, he prevailed on his friend Dr. Bradley, a friend of the same stamp, then editor of the Journal, to expunge the passage.

At this I was the more surprised, because Dr. Bradley acknowledged to me, when I read the passage to him, and left the letter for insertion, that Walker deserved the lash. A still greater specimen of his unparalleled impudence is, that he called at my house with his friend Joseph Fox, on the evening when the Journal came out; and, having seen that the retort courteous was omitted, went away with a laugh.

He was in the habit of going into the printing-

office, and perusing articles of communication before they appeared in print; and thus he discovered what I had written in answer to him. Such a practice reflects equal disgrace on those who are guilty of it; and on those who suffer it to be done. The editor who was guilty of a breach of trust, and of his promise, and the other friend of John Walker, who accompanied him to my house, were two of his principal accomplices, in usurping the name and privileges of the genuine Society; and at their first meeting Dr. Bradley was in the chair.

I am still set down as a Life-Governor, as well as a Vice-President of the Society; which I not only consider as a gross insult, and an indelible disgrace; but as attended with another ill effect. Many of my friends have been induced to subscribe in consequence; and others daily do the same.

I have, it is true, received a letter from the mock-society, offering to withdraw it, unless otherwise directed; but one edition of the book was first circulated; and another accompanied the letter. I have endeavoured to insert an advertisement in a daily paper, for which I was willing to pay; but in vain. I have also tried to publish my sentiments in other channels; but hitherto without success. The law, as a learned friend expresses it, throws a broad shield over folly and wickedness; and editors, in general, as well as authors, are afraid of speaking the truth.

I am, therefore, compelled, either thus to expose the fraudulent practices of the Society; or suffer them still to circulate their handbills without molestation; and prey on the credulity of the public.

In order to conciliate favour, and procure subscriptions, Mr. Purser, the Secretary, by order of the Managers, in his Address to each Governor, makes use of the flattering phrase, "Your great, philanthropic, life-preserving Institution." At first sight, therefore, I suspected it was an address from Dr. Cooper, inventor of the life-preserver; and not from Dr. Walker. Certainly, the Institution is not mine; and I will have no concern with it; but to caution the public against such a gross and scandalous imposition.

French Principles, and true Quakerian Pertinacity.

"They can conquer who believe they can," as Dr. Walker observes; and it really appears, that by having associated with the Jacobins in Paris, and persevering with true Quakerian pertinacity, he has overcome all scruples of conscience, and all sense of rectitude. He glories in his shame; for, knowing that what he obtains, is obtained under false pretences, we cannot but be surprised at his having the effrontery to tell us, and to tell it without a blush, what sums he has received. He informs us, that he has received a hundred guineas from the War Office, and adds the name and title of the Commander in Chief, in order to let us know, that it was given to his counterfeit Institution by His Royal Highness's authority and command. If such men as Dr. Walker grow rich, it is no wonder the nation grows poor.

He tells us, that the Worshipful Company of

Ironmongers have given him fifty pounds; and the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers fifty guineas. Of course he will have plenty of gudgeons. He also tells us, that the Worshipful Company of Skinners have given him fifty pounds. He himself is, indeed, a skinner; for he will skin a flint to get money.

His motto is, Get rich: by honest means if you can; but, at all events, get rich. He pretends, that out of all his gettings, he has made a present to the Society of 150*l.*; but if this is true, there is no great merit in the act. It is only a piece of ostentation. We must not rob Peter, to pay Paul.

Among the life-governors, are the late Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, the late Drs. Armstrong and Denman, the late Marquis of Bute, and Earl of Berkeley, the late Mr. Lowten, Mr. Ladbroke, and many others; who, if living, would be sensible of their disgrace, in being ranked among the friends and adherents of Dr. Walker. The name of Dr. Jenner himself is also inserted; and the name of the author of these observations, who, with Dr. Jenner, and a majority of the Governors, among whom were many persons of professional eminence, and high rank, hold the conduct of Dr. Walker in detestation; and exerted themselves to get rid of that pest.

It is true, as he says, that he co-operated with Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Tom Paine, Muir, Tandy, and the Director Ravaillac Lepaux; and *enlightened* the people of Ireland, at the time when the French meditated an invasion on that country; but, with all

his true Quakerian pertinacity, he has not yet enlightened the people of this country, and probably never will. They are, indeed, so dull of apprehension, that his own satellites, whom he calls a Board of Managers, have rejected his instructions; and substituted mine.

This must be a great mortification to him, to have, like Dagon, "his brute image maim'd;" to have his

> "head and hands lopt off
> In his own temple, on the grunsel edge,
> Where he fell flat, and sham'd his worshippers."

He must feel the same humiliation as Beau Nash, when his portrait was obliged to give way, in order to make room for something more useful:

> "And the whole Corporation, to humble his pride,
> Agreed thus in public to *set him aside.*"

In this respect his Board have, it must be confessed, shown some sense; for though he has not one single man of acknowledged talent in vaccination, in his whole Institution, they showed their judgment in adopting instructions, which were indeed drawn up by a humble individual; but which have been sanctioned by those, whose talents are acknowledged by all the world.

The Managers have also, of late, managed their pamphlet so well, as to expunge some of the barefaced, and palpable falsehoods, which their modest Director, Dr. Walker, had inserted in the former editions. Their opinion of him, in all probability,

now coincides with that of the Author of the Vaccine Scourge; which I shall here transcribe.

"Mr. Lawrence has given notice, in one of the Medical Journals, that he was appointed to be Sub-Director of the London Vaccine Institution, without his knowledge or consent. This renunciation of the intended honour was hardly necessary; for no one who knows him, could for a single moment suppose, that he would ever submit to such a degradation; and be the pitiful underling of Dr. Walker.

"Those who elected such a man to such a situation, laughed in their sleeves at the time. It was like converting the dust of Alexander into a bung, to stop a beer-barrel. It was not done with the least hope, or expectation, that he would accept of the office, and undertake its duties; but only with a view to further their own artful designs.

"Among the chemists, and other irregulars, appointed inoculators by Dr. Walker's Board, is Mr. Rose, late of Parliament Street, journeyman of Dr. Reece, and vender of the counterfeit Eau Medicinale, made of tobacco; and Mr. Wetherell of Highgate, the other disciple of Joanna Southcott. These, and a number of other *medical gentlemen*, will perform miracles under the auspices of such a Director as Dr. Walker; and the sanction of the London Vaccine Institution, alias the London Vaccine Hoax.

"All the *fellows* of the Institution, whether of the medical profession or not, are honoured with a diploma; which is a great encouragement to those *fellows*; and to the swarms of empirics, with which

this metropolis abounds. This honour, however, is not to be confined to the metropolis; but to extend throughout the British empire, and the world. Foreign nations, and even a considerable portion of the family of John Bull, will mistake this diploma for that of Doctor of Physic; and it may well be doubted, whether it is not full as valuable as that of Dr. Walker from Leyden; or those from St. Andrews and Aberdeen, which are now so common, and so much esteemed.

"The Managers, who take on them to dub such practitioners, tell us, they have obtained the co-operation of *medical gentlemen*, on a scale never before attempted; and this is probably true. Such a co-operation of quacks, there is great reason to believe, was never before attempted; and, it may be hoped, will never be attempted again. It may also be hoped, that no society of men will ever again attempt so gross and scandalous an imposition on the credulity of the public.

"To exterminate the small-pox by means of chemists and apothecaries, the greatest friends of the small-pox, is to cast out devils by Belzebub, the prince of the devils. You might as well expect a fox-hunter to destroy the breed of foxes; or a rat-catcher to exterminate the race of rats.

"Great wits have short memories; otherwise Dr. Walker would not pretend that he diffused the benefits of vaccination in Egypt; having often acknowledged to his friends, or, at least, to those who were once his friends, that, when he arrived there, he

could not, for some time, procure subjects for inoculation; and that when he did procure them, his matter was become effete, and all his efforts to procure infection failed.

"In one sense he may not regret his voyage; for though he brought home with him no light, but rather darkness visible, Egyptian darkness, darkness that may be felt, he learned how to excite compassion for an undeserving object, by shedding crocodile's tears; he learned how to draw the credulous and unthinking multitude into a snare, and to turn children into mummies.

"Though no one who knows him well, can be surprised at any assertion of his, but when he speaks the truth, we cannot conceive how the Managers could have the unblushing effrontery to declare, that he has inoculated with unprecedented success; when it is notorious, and stands on record, and is proved by his confession, when he describes his cases, that he has been singularly unsuccessful.

"He boasts of his knowledge, and the efficacy of his matter; but we have heard many complaints on that score; partly on account of its inefficacy, and partly on account of its being polluted with blood.

"No one can be long connected with him, nor be a member of any Board over which he has any authority, or influence, unless he will submit to be

"a tool
That men do work with, call'd a fool."

"The Board of Managers will probably find to their sorrow, as others have found before them, that they are cherishing a serpent in their bosoms, who will try to sting them to death.

"It is true they have exalted the object of their idolatry. The *wise men of the East* have seen his star, and bring gifts; and Dr. Jenner, and the other faithful friends of vaccination, are to be persecuted by his calumnies, and cast into a fiery furnace, because they will not fall down, and worship the brazen image, which these Nebuchadnezzars have set up.

"Dr. Walker singles out Mr. Ring, as the principal champion of vaccination, and his most formidable opponent; and associates him with Dr. Jenner, in Dr. Shearman's Journal, as an object of vengeance. Mr. Ring may well be proud of this honour. He may now flatter himself, that he is considered as one of the great luminaries of vaccination. This is too much for Dr. Walker to bear. He therefore attacks him with all the rancour, for which he is so notorious; and with all the low scurrility of a vindictive assassin.

"Ignorance is the mother of devotion; which may plead some excuse for the followers and idolizers of such a man. He talks of perils and privations; and they probably know no better, than to sanction his assertion; but it is now very well known to every one, who is at all conversant with the history of vaccination, that when he encountered perils and privations, in company with his cousin Marshall, he, as well as his cousin Marshall, might say with

their brother in Romeo and Juliet, My poverty, and not my will, consented.

"These hints may serve to warn the public against such daring impositions, in future. Dr. Walker is an artful, avaricious, and ambitious man; but let him be cautious how he acts, when he tries to exercise his art, to glut his avarice, and to gratify his ambition. Let him recollect what was inscribed on the tombstone of an infamous scoundrel:

> Lie still if you're wise,
> You'll be damn'd if you rise.

"We recommend to him, and his accomplices, not to try to obtain money under false pretences. A Vaccine Institution has long been established by the Legislature; where, as well as at other institutions, matter may be procured free of all expense; and no one, who has any zeal in the cause of vaccination, will find much difficulty in procuring it.

"Parents with large families have been duped by a set of swindlers, under the specious pretext of promoting this beneficial practice. If farther aid is necessary, let it be granted by Parliament; and not be thus unequally borne; and by those who are unequal to the burden. It is not meet to take the children's bread, and throw it to the dogs.

"It is true, Dr. Walker makes a job of vaccination, as well as of his Institution. He is not paid for nothing: his patients carry visible marks of his professional services to their graves. This reminds us of a man, who complained that one dentist

charged him half a crown for drawing a tooth without pain; whereas another drew him three times round the room for a groat.

"In this and other respects, however, there is room for a difference of opinion.

Some extol Edward Jenner, and honour his name,
While some try with slander to sully his fame:
Some affirm he is honest, while others declare,
He *turn'd out a rascal* in Sal'sbury Square.

"As to Dr. Walker, however successful he may now be, let him read an observation of Horace; and ponder on what he reads:

Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede pœna claudo."

Mal-practice, and true Quakerian Pertinacity.

In the same part of the Vaccine Scourge, are some further observations on Dr. Walker's practice; which tend to show, that neither the English, nor the Irish nation, has much chance of being *enlightened* by him.

It is there stated, that the multitude of bad arms which he has produced, argues no superior skill; and that the frequent want of success, when his matter is inserted by his correspondents, is no compliment to his judgment. It is also stated, that out of twelve vaccinators, that is, ivory points charged with vaccine matter, which I sent to Mr. Woodford, of Taunton, only one failed; and out of twelve which Dr. Walker sent to him, only one succeeded.

To this might have been added, that matter, which he sent to New South Wales, failed; and what I sent succeeded.

The matter which he took, and sent out, was frequently mixed with blood; which, though innocent when in a recent state, is quite the reverse when putrid. Whether this was the cause of the fatal catastrophe in his own practice, in Nursery Place, as the author of the Vaccine Scourge observes, or whether it was owing to a rash, unscientific, brutish, and savage manner of performing the operation, it is impossible to say. Certain it is, that in the hands of skilful surgeons, there is not an instance of such rapid destruction on record.

Three children, in the same family, were inoculated at the same time. In one of them, the arm did not rise; in another, an erysipelatous eruption took place, around the puncture; but in the third, pain, inflammation, and pulsation, instantly commenced. In five, or six days, an erysipelatous affection had reached the side. Mortification commenced on the arm; and death ensued.

"Such effects," as the author of the same publication observes, "are so rare, that it is difficult to assign an adequate cause for them. The matter was dry, and preserved on glass; which was unnecessary at the principal station of the Society, had proper precautions been employed. It is, nevertheless, difficult to conceive, that such a sudden ill-effect could have been occasioned by any thing, except a rude and violent puncture; and a mechanical injury in-

flicted on the arm. No poison, less active and virulent than that of the viper, could have proved so deleterious; nor have committed such ravages in so short a time."

There are those who think, that a judicial inquiry ought to have been instituted into this case; but I cannot acquiesce in their opinion; since there is no reason to suspect any criminal intention in the party concerned. Nevertheless, the want of obedience to his superiors, the Medical Council, by whom he was elected, not for works, but out of compassion, and by adoption and grace, was inexcusable. It was their bounden duty to command; and his to obey; or to resign his situation. He had, however, some zealous and interested partisans; who used to attend whenever his conduct was arraigned; and who, for a long time, screened and protected him in his unprincipled career.

In the year 1804, as the editor of the Vaccine Scourge observes, the Board of Directors of the Royal Jennerian Society resolved, that the pamphlets of the Society, together with Dr. Jenner's works, and those of the author of these observations, should be sent to the Lieutenant Governor of Jamaica; and to the Governor General of India; and the Governors of Madras and Bombay. Being already a Vice-President of the Council, and having, on this, and every other occasion, refused to accept of any present, or pecuniary compensation, for the services which I had rendered to the Society, I was also elected a Vice-President of the Society, at a general

meeting; an honour which I participate with some of the most illustrious characters in Church and State; and which had then never been conferred on any other professional man, but Dr. Jenner.

True Quakerian Pertinacity.

In the Medical Journal for September, 1804, Dr. Walker tells us, that it is necessary to *break-up* a cow-pock by various punctures, in order to obtain the vaccine fluid. Certain it is, as the editor of the Vaccine Scourge remarks, that he was in the habit of breaking it up, and of breaking it down too; contrary to the caution of the Society whom he was bound to obey; contrary to reason, and to the instructions of all the best writers on the subject.

In this, as the same author observes, he showed equal want of prudence, and of economy; want of prudence, because he injured the patients by his violence, and left them less secure from the small-pox; and want of economy, because he wasted so much of the precious fluid, which, if evacuated, ought to have been distributed among a greater number of persons applying for that prophylactic.

This waste was occasioned by his taking it partly on glass; which requires a much larger quantity of matter than a vaccinator, or ivory lancet in miniature; which I long ago invented, and recommended in the Medical Journal, as the best mode of preserving and transmitting infection.

It is a mode that is generally approved; and adopted by the National Establishment. Matter

thus taken by me, succeeded at New South Wales; and what I sent to the Medical Board for the use of the army, succeeded at every station; while that which was transmitted on glass, from Dr. Pearson's Cow-pock Institution, generally failed.

Dr. Walker informs us, that he has known cow-pock matter, mixed with blood, used in a thousand instances; which is highly probable, from his well-known imprudence and temerity. At the same time it must be allowed, that recent blood, when inserted with matter, can do no harm. The mischief, in that case, accrues not to the patients who are inoculated; but to those whose arms are so cruelly mangled.

It was this *true Quakerian pertinacity* of Dr. Walker, as many of my professional friends know, that induced me to insert a caution in the preface to the second volume of my Treatise on the Cow-pock, published in October, 1803, soon after the establishment of the Society. I there observed, that the practice of so mild a species of inoculation might be supposed not to require much instruction; but if we might judge from what had hitherto occurred, it was quite the reverse. I therefore embraced that opportunity of repeating a few cautions, which had already appeared in the first volume of the work.

The first was, not to make more than one puncture in one arm, unless the patient was in imminent danger of catching the small-pox. The second was, *not to take matter in such a way, as to injure the pustule*; and the third was intended as a caution to

the practitioners of the Small-pox Hospital, and Dr. Pearson's Vaccine-pock Institution; where they made rash experiments on their patients with small-pox matter, before they were rendered secure from the effects of that matter by vaccination.

Dr. Gregory tells us, it is a *disease*, which he calls *craziness*, that occasions this rage for making such idle, wanton, and useless experiments; and induces those who labour under it *corio humano ludere*, to play with the human hide. This term of reproach, as he observes, which is common in the mouths of medical men, abundantly testifies in what abomination such practices are held; and no man will come in for a greater share of that reproach than Dr. Walker.

He tells us, that if inoculation is performed by an untoward application of the instrument, or with too heavy a hand, an action is set up, which gives a different appearance to the pock. According to his own description, his pocks have often a different appearance from those of other practitioners: it is, therefore, reasonable to conclude, that he often performs inoculation with an untoward application of the instrument, or with a heavy hand.

He tells us, every one who is much acquainted with vaccine inoculation, must have noticed, that a considerable quantity of pus is often produced in the centre of the pock, by the wound of the lancet. This is an extraordinary assertion; and one that has no foundation in truth. That he has often seen such cases, cannot well admit of a doubt; but they

are his own, and of his own creation; and he is entitled to all the credit of them.

He says, "Were I about to take matter even from such a beautiful pock as that which is exhibited, through all its stages, in Ring's Treatise, I should think it right to remove the scab; and wipe out the little subjacent drop of pus, in order to guard against impurity." Here he insinuates, that a spurious disease may be produced by the insertion of such matter. In another place he tells us the contrary; forgetting the old axiom, *pus generat pus*.

He tells us, that if we remove the scab, and wipe away the matter, it will resemble the crater of a volcano rather than a tumulus; that is, a concavity is not a convexity, and a convexity is not a concavity; which was well known before he was born.

The author of the Vaccine Scourge, alluding to him, says, "When we consider what havoc he made with the cow-pocks which fell into his hands, we cannot help wondering that so few failures have taken place. The protecting virtue of the guardian fluid is indeed truly astonishing; and almost incredible. After all the punctures, incisions, pressures, frictions, abrasions, lacerations, contusions, cauterizations, and combustions, which the vaccine vesicle has undergone, it may be considered like gold that has been tried seven times:

"Per saxa, per ignes,
Ducit opes animumque ferro."

In order to do as much mischief as possible, Dr. Walker tells us, that when the scab is removed, and

the pock broken down, the fluid will be as active as in a fully formed pock. This is an obscure and equivocal expression. If he means that the matter is as active, as when taken at an earlier period, when the pock is at its height, it is an ill-founded opinion. Certain it is, that the earlier matter is taken, the more active it is; and Dr. Walker, who has read the Clapham Tragedy, and that of Nursery Place, must know, that such rash experiments, and insane projects, as he proposes, cannot be tried without endangering the lives of those who submit to the operation.

He tells us, that pus forms under a scab, which produces nothing by inoculation; forgetting, as was before observed, the well-known axiom, pus generat pus. He talks about *fleaing* a man alive; by which he means *flaying*. This is a proof of *his philological acumen*.

He tells us, that probably greater talent is no where to be found than in the fifty professional men of whom the Medical Council was composed; which leaves him the less excuse for not obeying our instructions.

He calls me the indefatigable champion of vaccination; and, having mentioned my name with that of Dr. Woodville, declares it would be difficult to find greater authorities than his and mine, in the history of inoculation. He also declares, that having been one of the same Committee, he had an opportunity of observing, with what becoming modesty, and caution, *men of the greatest experience and character*

offer their opinions. Happy would it be for him, if he had followed their example.

The confidential nature of the offices which he held, together with the emoluments which he received, and the privileges which he enjoyed, ought to have ensured a little more caution in offering his opinion; a little more deference to his superiors; and a little more fidelity in the discharge of his duty.

True Quakerian Pertinacity.

True Quakerian pertinacity, however, has its reward. Several editions of Dr. Walker's mendicant pamphlets have been circulated within a few months; one of which now *lies* on the table of the Royal Institution; but though he pretends that a coalition took place, between the Royal Jennerian Society and his bastard Institution, three years ago, it is only in the last edition of his lying pamphlet, that this coalition is announced.

Hence it appears evident, that he is sensible of the imposition which he is practising; that he derives confidence from impunity; and that he is determined to take more and more advantage of the credulity of the public.

He tries to persuade the world, that his Institution is necessary for the happiness and welfare of mankind; whereas it is only necessary for his own happiness and welfare; and for the aggrandizement of a few individuals, who sprung from the very dregs

of society, and are rising to distinction, and to unexpected wealth and honour.

The Legislature has provided means for vaccination. The Legislature has also provided means for punishing those who collect money under false pretences; and the laws which have been enacted for that purpose, ought to be carried into execution, by sending Dr. Walker, and his colleagues, to circulate their pamphlets, and collect subscriptions, at Botany Bay.

The Doctor will there meet with a warm reception; and be *quite transported.* He will be acknowledged there, although he was not acknowledged by the London Quakers. He may there meet with some of his old companions; who assisted him in *enlightening* the people of Ireland, and preparing them for rebellion, and the French invasion. He may there meet with some of those companions, whom he used to meet in their social evening conversations, when he was a disciple of Tom Paine.

Let him not, however, pretend to any union with the Royal Jennerian Society. All the honourable, and respectable members of that Society, disclaim the connexion. It is a forced match; and one in which he has only obtained his own consent. If he must still circulate his pamphlets, and collect subscriptions, and impose on the credulity of the public, let it be done by his own authority, by his own influence, and in his own name.

I cannot conclude without expressing an opinion, that the members of the Royal Jennerian Society,

in general, have been too remiss on this occasion; and that when they neglected to expose this imposition, practised in their name, and to undeceive the public, as well as when they relaxed in their endeavours to exterminate the small-pox, and to redeem their pledge, they were guilty of a flagrant dereliction of their duty. No rank or title can exempt them from their responsibility; nor give them an absolution from their promise; nor serve as an atonement for their neglect. *Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus.*

True Quakerian Pertinacity.

Dr. Walker's pertinacity in error has already been proved; but it would be as difficult a task to enumerate his errors, as to enumerate the stars of heaven, or the sands on the sea-shore. He is a man, who, as a very distinguished character in the annals of vaccination observes, from physical causes, must ever err. It may be added, that he must also err from *moral* causes. *Mala mens, malus animus.*

In the Medical Journal for October, 1804, I published some remarks on the inaccuracy of his description of the primary pustule, in the inoculation of the small-pox; and my regret, that from his want of observing the necessary precautions in taking cow-pock matter, he had inserted it, or seen it inserted, mixed with blood, a thousand times. I also censured some other mal-practices, of which he had been guilty.

It was in the same Journal that, by way of giving a specimen of his own philological and orthographical acumen, for the want of which he upbraids all the principal friends of vaccination, he talks about *flea*ing a man alive. In short, such are his blunders, that, to use the words of Junius, in his letter to the Duke of Grafton, I am not at all surprised at his often doing wrong by design; I am only surprised that he never happens to do right by mistake.

It is strange that a man, who was virtually expelled from the Royal Jennerian Society, for want of qualifications to fill any subordinate office, should be selected by any institution, as worthy to fill the office of director in that Society; and to supersede a board of forty-eight directors. But, perhaps, they bestowed on him this preferment, as a reward for writing his Jenneric Opera; in which Dr. Jenner and his friends, to use his own language, "are violently and even slanderously assailed." Probably his admirers may exclaim, with Mac Flecknoe,

> "All arguments, but most his plays persuade,
> That for *anointed dulness* he was made."

It must appear unaccountable to those who read his opinion in the same Journal, "that, perhaps, greater talent is not to be found in any country than in our Medical Council," when they see, by his Report, that the London Vaccine Institution, when they borrowed our names without our consent, did not also borrow *all the talents*, or, at least, some of the talents of that Medical Council. It must appear

unaccountable; that they selected an outcast; one who was not even a member of that Council, and who was incapable of all the subordinate duties; and that the stone which the builders rejected, should become the chief corner-stone.

In the Journal for November, he published an answer to me. He there speaks of me as the indefatigable champion of vaccination; and alleges the importance he attached to what came from my pen, as an apology for occupying so many pages of that publication with a reply. He then endeavours to vindicate his rash practice, of maiming and mutilating the vesicle; but, as the author of the Vaccine Scourge observes, all his arguments, if arguments they can be called, consist of opinions without reason, and assertions without proof.

In all his Reports which have fallen into my hands, except the last, he has studiously kept my name out of sight; which is not altogether consistent with the flattering tales he told, and the fulsome panegyrics on me which he penned, in all his preceding publications. He also lavishes his encomiums on Drs. Woodville and Pearson, who, by the sale of matter, sometimes that of the small-pox instead of that of the cow-pock, and their blundering lucubrations, disgraced and retarded the practice; but he himself is, in general, the hero of his own song.

He certainly went a little too far, when he pretended that he had planted Vaccination on the banks of the Nile; when he boasted of his wonderful erudition, the excellence of his matter, and his superior

skill; and when he showed his resentment, on account of his expulsion, at least his virtual expulsion, so far, as to suppose that he might insult the author of these observations with impunity. Quos vult Deus perdere, prius dementat. *Porro ineluctabilis fatorum vis, cujus-cunque fortunam mutare instituit, mentem corrumpit.*

I trust, I have as much compassion as other individuals for a man, who, if a celebrated character in vaccination is right, from physical causes must ever err; but while he is on the outside of Bedlam and St. Luke's, while he is suffered to roam at large, and scatter his firebrands, we must be permitted to defend ourselves. Otherwise, though it may be sport to him, it would be death to us.

Dr. Walker's Duplicity.

In the Medical Journal for December, 1804, is a letter from Dr. Walker, in which he calls Dr. Jenner the estimable character, on whom it has fallen to discover, and reveal to a suffering world, the means of escaping the pestilential horrors of the small-pox; yet, in his Jenneric Opera, and various other channels, he has loaded him with every kind of obloquy and abuse. In his last Report he has again flattered him, as well as the author of these observations.

We know, by long experience, what value ought to be set on his panegyrics; but when he published his last reflections on us, we had little reason to think that he would so soon try to stifle us with his Jacobinical hug, and his fraternal embrace.

Dr. Walker's imposing Character.

Dr. Walker's *imposing character* never shone more conspicuously, than on his arrival in the Mediterranean. At Gibraltar he tried to plant Vaccination with one hand, and the tree of liberty with the other; I will not say, that he tried to plant one with his right hand, and the other with his left; because he has two left hands, and no right.

His *imposing* character next showed itself at Minorca; where he wrote an address to the Governor, General Fox, in a very bold and familiar style; telling the Governor, that he, John Walker, was associated with Dr. Marshall, in an order from the Admiralty, to take his passage to the Mediterranean, on board the Endymion. The falsehood of this assertion has been already proved, on the authority of Mr. Angerstein; who assured me, that Marshall only had permission for that purpose. Walker, as was before observed, is always ready to push his nose in any where; particularly where he is least welcome.

His *true Quakerian pertinacity* knows no bounds; as the Author of the Vaccine Scourge remarks, he had no authority for accompanying Marshall, but his own unparalleled assurance.

The style of his address to Gen. Fox, Governor of Minorca, as the same author observes, is curious. He returns thanks to the Governor for his liberal attention to *themselves*. He confesses they have done their business only by halves, and the safety of the inhabitants *might* be concerned in it; that the ho-

nour of the medical profession, as well as individual character, *should* be supported; and it ought not to appear to *them*, that the British Government had in any way patronized charlatans.

This however, says the Editor of the Scourge, is no more than what has long appeared to all the rest of the world; for no government on the face of the earth has ever patronized charlatans half so much as the Government of Great Britain. Witness the scandalous advertisements in every daily print; in every form, and in every place; witness the swarms of charlatans throughout the whole wide-extended empire of Great Britain.

It is, however, much to be regretted, if, according to the new philosophy, with which Dr. Walker and his associates are endeavouring to enlighten the world, both by precept and example, they cannot support the honour of the medical profession, and individual character, without turning unprincipled impostors.

Well might Mr. Angerstein, who knew more of Dr. Walker than the rest of the Society, show a reluctance to join him in his proceedings; and declare, that the higher orders of people in this country were at all times charitably disposed; and both able and willing to support any laudable institution; but they wished first to know, whom they were *to draw* with. When they patronized the Royal Jennerian Society, and the London Vaccine Institution, they little suspected, and I little suspected, that they

had such men to draw with, as the *par nobile fratrum*, John Walker and Joseph Leaper.

The same false and impudent notification was made by Marshall and Walker, in the Madrid Gazette; where they had the audacity to announce themselves as accredited agents of the British Government, sent out by the Commander in Chief; although the Commander in Chief did not know of their existence. Marshall went out with leave, Walker without leave; and, with whatever circumstances his intrusion was accompanied, and by whatever means it was accomplished, native brass was his only passport, true Quakerian pertinacity his only credentials, and unblushing effrontery his only sanction.

A spurious disease was produced at Minorca, with the matter which they had brought from Gloucestershire; and the genuine cow-pock with what they received from me. Having lost this infection, Dr. Walker, in his wisdom, recommended the spurious sort, as a temporary prophylactic, till Dr. Marshall, who was gone back to Gibraltar, should arrive with a fresh supply. He thinks this may be, in comparison of the genuine sort, what one coat of lime is, in comparison of what is sufficient to whitewash a wall. When making this sapient observation, he pointed towards the town-hall; the wall of which, it seems, was clouded, like his understanding.

He talks, as the Editor of the Vaccine Scourge observes, about limpid virus passing to a state of pus, a process totally inconsistent with reason and experience. He declares that he believes, what, in all pro-

bability no man ever believed before, and what no man in his senses ever can believe, that spurious, or degenerate cow-pock matter, produces the same effects as have lately been attributed by some people to the genuine sort; a partial and temporary protection against the virulence of the small-pox.

On this occasion, the same author also pointedly observes, that if George Barrington had presented an address to the Governor of Botany Bay, in behalf of himself and Darcy Wentworth, he would have expressed himself in much better language. He, too, would have maintained, that "the honour of the medical profession, as well as individual character, *should be* supported; and that, had he known the secret of establishing Institutions, raising subscriptions, and obtaining money under false pretences, as well as Dr. Walker, he would have supported the honour of the medical profession, and individual character, full as well as Dr. Walker has done."

Such impositions, as the same author remarks, are not uncommon. In the first number of the New Monthly Magazine it is stated, that one Andrew Thompson formed a scheme for an Institution, under the title of the British Endeavour; the pretended object of which was, to bring up the children of paupers for the merchants' service. He had collected nearly 2000*l.* from the Royal Family and others; but some circumstances of a suspicious nature having come to the knowledge of the Duke of Sussex, he sent for Dr. Clarke; and desired him to inquire into the character of this man. The result was, that a

general meeting of the subscribers was convened; a committee was appointed; and Andrew Thompson was delivered up to the just dispensation of the law.

On this occasion the Author of the Scourge observes, that some persons are so unreasonable as to think, Andrew Thompson had as good a right to found an institution, raise subscriptions, and collect money under false pretences, as John Walker; but such people do not consider, that "*the honour of the medical profession, as well as individual character, should be supported.*" Others think that the dispensations of the law are rather unequal; that Justice is lame as well as blind among us; and that little swindlers, as well as other offenders, are hanged or transported, while those of the first magnitude are suffered to commit their depredations with impunity.

> "Thus petty rogues submit to fate,
> That great ones may enjoy the world in state."

Here it may be objected to me, that however just these observations are, for surely it is cruel to hang a poor wretch for stealing privately to the value of five shillings, while any man, or set of men, is suffered to steal publicly or privately to the value of ten thousand pounds, yet I have no right to steal so much from the Author of the Vaccine Scourge. I am convinced, however, that this author will pardon me; and even thank me, for the liberty which I have taken. The sentiments expressed, and the information contained in his publication, cannot be too widely diffused. They will serve as an antidote to

the poison of Dr. Walker, and his unprincipled partisans.

He has borrowed as much, or more, from my publications, and palmed it on the public as his own, without any acknowledgment at all. His History of Vaccination is a tissue of truth and falsehood; interspersed with unparalleled malignity. He there endeavoured to rob the author of these observations, and even Dr. Jenner himself, of all the credit which the world allowed them, on account of the promulgation and propagation of the practice; and to place the laurels on his own brow, and that of others, who had disgraced themselves and the profession.

Dr. Pearson had arrogantly placed a civic crown on his own head, and another on that of Farmer *Jesty*; but this is a stale *jest*. These have had their day. Dr. Walker has revived the story of vaccination having been practised by the Bramins, from time immemorial; but it was long ago proved, by dispatches transmitted to Dr. Jenner, and published in the Medical Journals, that those Indians are Indian jugglers; and that they no more regard telling a falsehood than Dr. Walker.

Had there been any foundation for this report, Dr. Jenner would not have been so much respected in India; nor would the subscription in his favour, though set on foot under the auspices of the great Cornwallis, have been so successful. The other false report, that Dr. Jenner was afraid to trust his own son to vaccination, while he recommended it to all his acquaintance, was first propagated by Dr.

Walker; and afterwards by Mr. Birch, and other anti-vaccinists. The fact is, Dr. Jenner inoculated him once with vaccine matter, but without success; and as he was afterwards exposed to the infection of the small-pox, and no fresh cow-pock matter was to be procured, it was necessary to inoculate him for the small-pox.

Among many other literary curiosities from the pen of Dr. Walker, preserved by the Editor of the Vaccine Scourge, is a letter from him to Mr. Chapman of Luton, extracted from the New Medical and Physical Journal for March, 1815.

In that precious morceau, the Doctor himself tells us, his answer is the reverse of well written; and the Author of the Scourge observes, it would be surprising if it were otherwise. The following is the tenour of his oracular production.

"John Walker to C. Chapman, *very respectfully*.

"My dear friend, I *may* feel flattered at thy addressing me on the subject of the protection afforded by vaccination against the small-pox, &c." The Doctor might, indeed, very well feel flattered by this compliment; for it is one which he by no means merited, and had very little reason to expect; and the return which he made was, to publish the queries of his correspondent without his consent. Those who expect from Dr. Walker any of that sort of etiquette, or ceremony, or civility, which is usual among gentlemen, will be grievously disappointed.

Of the National Vaccine Establishment he says, "In the selection of their Directors, Inoculators, &c. with the exception of Dr. Jenner, who soon left them in disgust, it should seem that regard was had to other causes of recommendation than that of experience, or eminence in vaccination; but *I*, indeed, scarcely ever feel interest enough in their Reports, to get attentively through the reading of them.

"In vaccinating, *I* generally make one puncture, or incision, in each arm. When one of them only produces the effect, *I* inoculate the other, in a few days, from the incipient pock. On whatever part of the body *I* make this second application of vaccine ichor, &c. Of the many thousands of pocks which meet *my* eye during the year, *I* generally have to break *them* up, or cut *them* in pieces, &c."

The folly and absurdity of this practice, the whole credit of which is due to Dr. Walker, have already been fully demonstrated. He tells us, indeed, that all his mal-practice, and ill-usage of the pock, does not prevent the only true criterion, inflammation accompanied with induration. Such an opinion, however excusable in the infancy of the practice, is now no longer entertained by any respectable practitioner; nor by any rational man.

He calls me a very zealous advocate of vaccination; and declares that I practised it in a very meritorious manner at its commencement. The Editor of the Vaccine Scourge observes, that he knows no reason why I am a less meritorious practitioner of that beneficial art now, than at the com-

mencement of the practice, since my zeal is not diminished, and I have not relaxed in my exertions.

The Royal Jennerian Society, and the National Vaccine Establishment, have also borne the most flattering testimony to my humble exertions; but *non omnia possumus omnes*. It is not the lot of every one to be, like Dr. Walker, a man of "enlightened mind," and "first-rate talent;" nor to do acts of "pure philanthropy," for which he is well paid.

Dr. Walker's pure Philanthropy.

What Dr. Walker calls pure philanthropy appears to me and others, to be, like some of his matter, rather of a spurious kind. It certainly did not appear to any great advantage, when he acted with such brutality towards the three natives of the South Sea Islands, who were particularly recommended to Mr. Gilham; and went to him to be vaccinated. Ungrateful, as usual, and unmindful of the services which Mr. Gilham had rendered him, by pleading his cause on a very trying occasion, he forcibly seized each of his patients successively by the hand; and stabbed them, like an assassin, between the finger and the thumb, with his vaccine dagger.

These three young men I saw in Great Russell Street, when Mr. Gilham introduced them to Dr. Jenner. I also saw the indelible marks of the wounds, which the vaccine monster had inflicted:

Monstrum horrendum, informe ingens, cui lumen ademptum.

Such is Dr. Walker's gratitude; such his "pure philanthropy;" and such his hospitality to strangers.

These three young men, says the Editor of the Vaccine Scourge, who has also related this anecdote, used to show by the most expressive attitudes and gesticulations, and also by words, as far as they were masters of our language, how their fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, would resent this cruelty of Dr. Walker; and revenge their wrongs, and the unusual and unnecessary torments they had suffered, if the Doctor should ever visit their country. Should such an event take place, and the Otaheiteans and their neighbours become acquainted with this transaction, they will conclude that English savages are the greatest savages in the world.

Dr. Walker's Honesty.

When Dr. Walker returned from his vaccine expedition, his *cousin* Marshall committed to his charge three vases, intended as a present to the Rev. George Jenner, nephew to Dr. Jenner; but the theophilanthropist, not having the fear of God before his eyes, but being moved by the instigation of the devil, *cozened* his friend Jenner, and kept the vases. The reason which he assigned for this breach of trust was, that his cousin Marshall was in his debt. Such is his sense of honesty; and his notion of honour. Another individual, seeing them at Mr. Fox's in Lombard Street, and wishing to ingratiate himself in

a certain quarter, laid violent hands on them; and conveyed them to a relation of the right owner.

Dr. Walker's Fortitude.

It is unnecessary to expatiate on all Dr. Walker's cardinal virtues; but his justice and his fortitude, ought not to be passed over in silence. Of the former, perhaps, a sufficient specimen has been given; or rather, more specimens than one. Of the latter it is not difficult to adduce an example; if any further proof is wanting, that he possesses this qualification also in no ordinary degree. What farther evidence, indeed, can be necessary, to prove that a man is *brave*, and endowed with uncommon fortitude, who braves Heaven and earth, who disregards all the ties of honour by which society is bound together, and bids defiance to all laws, human and divine?

The present inquiry is of more importance than some people may imagine. Health, life, liberty, and property, are all concerned. Liberty may appear to have no concern in the matter; but surely that is not the case, while every barber-surgeon, apothecary, chemist, druggist, and other empiric, has the liberty of wielding a vaccine lancet, cutting up pocks and pustules, maiming and mutilating the arms of children, and inserting lymph, blood, pus, or sanies, as he thinks fit, after the example of his great leader and director, Dr. Walker.

He thinks Dr. Jenner and me, and the Medical Council of the Royal Jennerian Society, who sanctioned our opinions, too cautious; and we think him too bold. We think him, indeed, extremely rash. I am credibly informed that, in spite of all the warnings which have been given to him, and all the tragic scenes, and melancholy catastrophes which he has witnessed, he still continues to demolish and remove the pock, when he takes matter; and to take matter in such an unmerciful manner, that mothers are terrified, and medical practitioners are shocked at the sight.

Many mothers, who bring their children to me to be vaccinated, were deterred from submitting their offspring to his cruel and unsparing hand a second time; and speak of his name with horror.

How different was the opinion, and how different the practice, of that learned, sensible, and ingenious physician, the late Dr. Cappe, who introduced the practice of vaccination at York? Sixteen years have elapsed since he strenuously inculcated the necessity of caution in taking matter; but inculcated it in vain, as far as regards Dr. Walker and his followers; who refuse to walk in the light of reason, and prefer

> "the dark lantern of the Spirit,
> Which none see by, but those who bear it."

In the first volume of my Treatise on the Cow-pox, published in 1801, are these observations. "The directions given by Dr. Cappe for taking mat-

ter are so judicious, *and the point is of so much importance*, that I shall insert the paragraph relative to the subject in his own words. "*When matter is taken for inoculation, it should be done in the most delicate manner*; *for if the vesicle is much injured, the erysipelatous inflammation will be rendered severe.*"

On another occasion he advises, that "it should be taken *with as much caution, as if the patients were asleep*; *and we were afraid of waking them.*"

How different is this from the temerity of some people, who cut up a cow-pock with as much unconcern, as a butcher cuts up an ox?

"But fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

So much for Dr. Walker's resolution and intrepidity; so much for his obstinate perseverance, and true Quakerian pertinacity; valuable qualifications, when an individual is engaged in a good cause. If any one think me tedious and prolix, let him reflect on the importance of the subject; and the publicity of the characters, who give rise to this disquisition. If we believe their own assertions, Dr. Walker and his partisans have deserved well of the public; and are entitled to the highest encomiums. Their merit, indeed, is of a very extraordinary kind; and the pen of panegyric delights to dwell on such talents and virtues.

Dr. Walker's Charity.

Dr. Walker, as was before observed, is rather severe on some of the minor characters of the Royal Jennerian Society, as he calls them; and tells us, that they violently, and even slanderously, assailed the enemies of vaccination. He, however, is so charitable, that he commends our opponents for expressing their sentiments; and vents all his rage on the friends of the practice. When he speaks of minor characters in the plural number, we are at a loss to know whom he means. He himself was one of the minor characters; for he was a hireling; and was weighed in the scale, and found wanting.

He "violently, and even slanderously," assails Mr. Rose, and the National Vaccine Establishment; but they will probably forgive him, if he does not serve them as he has served my colleagues and me, the members of the Royal Jennerian Society; by forming a coalition with us, and assuming our title and honours, without our consent. Let him not, however, in his future pamphlets, clothe himself, or his mock-institution, in the garb of royalty; but remember the ass, who was cudgelled for wearing a lion's skin.

Let him also remember the daw, who, when stripped of all his borrowed feathers, had hardly sufficient left to cover his nakedness. His History of Vaccination, as far as it is consistent with truth, is one entire plagiarism. It is a tree that is rendered fruitful in consequence of inoculation from a better; *miraturque novas frondes, et non sua poma.*

In the New Medical and Physical Journal for April, 1815, he " violently, and even slanderously," assails Mr. Rose, because he refused to countenance and support his London Vaccine Institution: insinuating that he had brought a Bill into Parliament, to found a National Vaccine Establishment, in order to increase his patronage; and not for the sake of preserving human life.

This is one specimen of Dr. Walker's charity; and the other is an offer to supply the new Establishment with matter, in case they have not sufficient for their own use, and that of their correspondents. When we recollect what a character Dr. Walker gives of his matter, and the bitter fruits which it has produced, we cannot help suspecting that Mr. Rose will decline the offers of such friends. " Their gifts are more destructive than their swords."

The Doctor tells us, he maintained in his inaugural dissertation, that physic *might possibly* be rendered a useful art. Of this, however, he has given no proof; though he has been in practice many years. He maintains, that the utility of surgery is much less equivocal; but the Editor of the Vaccine Scourge advises him to be rather more cautious in future, how he publishes an account of his own practice in inoculation, lest he should excite a doubt of the utility of the practice of surgery also.

He adds, " If Mr. Rose has any patronage in the National Vaccine Establishment, as Dr. Walker insinuates, let Dr. Walker solicit an appointment in that Institution. Let him no longer court notoriety,

nor publish his long catalogue of errors to the world; but, for the first time in his life, learn a little modesty, and humility; and lay a little of his unsufferable arrogance aside.

When I recollect the character which he gives of that Right Honourable Gentleman, and his Institution, I cannot help fancying that the Doctor is a proper candidate for an official situation; and that I hear him alluding to the conduct of the Right Honourable Gentleman, and his own true Quakerian pertinacity, in the following stanza:

Since life is no object with him,
I shall probably thrust in my nose;
Of a lucrative job make a limb,
And *inoculate under the Rose.*

Bastard Vaccine Institutions.

There is another Vaccine Institution, called the Vaccine Pock Institution, founded by Dr. Pearson; who at first used and disseminated variolous, instead of vaccine matter, till I gave him some genuine, which I had received from the author of the discovery. I lately met a respectable woman, with a child in her arms; and asked her whether it had been inoculated; intending, if she had answered in the negative, to have offered to vaccinate it gratuitously. She replied, it was vaccinated in Broad Street; "and I wish, Sir, I had met you before; for my child's arm was *scraped* in such a manner, in

order to take the matter from it, that I will never have any one inoculated there again."

This is the Institution, from which the Duke of York and the Earl of Egremont withdrew their patronage, on account of the fatal effect of the spurious matter, issuing from that polluted source. This matter, instead of being cow-pock matter, proved to be small-pox matter. The fatal catastrophe, thence arising, is related in my Treatise; and ought to have impressed a little more caution on the minds of the parties concerned.

One of the chief clerks at the Medical Board informed me, that the matter from this quarter, being taken on large glasses, and the glasses enclosed in letters, when the letters were franked at the public offices, or stamped with an official mark, the glasses generally broke, and were rendered useless; while the matter which I gave them on vaccinators, or ivory points, commonly succeeded.

Some account ought to be rendered to the public, of the large revenue derived by such institutions, from the sale of matter, till I was the means of abolishing that shameful traffic.

Dr. Jenner having refused to be a cypher in this Institution, Dr. Pearson endeavoured to pluck the laurels from his brow; and to prevent him from obtaining a parliamentary reward. At one of his annual festivals, Dr. Moseley, an arch-enemy of vaccination, was present; and an Irish apothecary complimented him on the occasion, as a liberal opponent. Many people, however, were of opinion,

that there was nothing strange in the coalition of two individuals, both of whom were violent opponents of Dr. Jenner; and of those who promoted vaccination without any personal or interested view.

This Institution, as well as the Small-pox Hospital, was supported by subscription; which ought to have prevented venality. When, therefore, all circumstances are considered, we need not be much surprised at a coalition between such friends and foes of vaccination. On that day Herod and Pontius Pilate were friends; and Dr. Jenner was crucified between two thieves.

Annual Festivals.

Annual festivals are now so much in fashion, that no charity can long exist without them. The mock Royal Jennerian Society is to have an annual festival. I therefore recommend, that every *operating chemist*, who wields a vaccine lancet under their sanction, shall attend, in order to celebrate the happy discovery of the cow-pock; which may well be considered by them as the philosopher's stone; for it will bring a considerable number of customers to their shops. It is, however, much to be feared, that, after distillation in their hands, it will often leave a *caput mortuum* behind.

The Director of the Society, whether Dr. Walker, or any other worthy should enjoy that honour, ought also to attend, ex officio; and, instead of a star and garter, to have a vaccine scab on his bosom; and a

label with the following inscription, *One scabby sheep infects the whole flock.*

On this solemn occasion, it may be proper to introduce one or two allegorical figures; in order to illustrate the singular practices and pursuits of the Society;

> First Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood
> Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears,
> Though, for the noise of drums, and timbrels loud,
> Their children's cries unheard that pass through fire
> To his grim idol.

This idol, the *Director* of the Ammonites, was of *brass*; sitting on a throne of the same metal, and wearing a royal crown; having the head of *a calf*, and his arms extended, to receive his miserable victims.

Another idol will probably be introduced, who may now be called the *golden* calf; and who, in other respects, bears so exact a resemblance to the former, that one character will serve for both.

The following stanzas of the New Beggar's Opera, from the Vaccine Scourge, may be sung on that auspicious day.

> I am a jolly beggar,
> From Cockermouth I came;
> I do pretend to be a friend,
> John Walker is my name;
> And a begging we will go, will go, will go,
> And a begging we will go.

I sally'd forth to Dublin,
But soon, alas! I found,
They suffer nought with venom fraught
To touch that holy ground.

They hate all double-dealers,
All hypocrites despise:
They will not suffer any puffer
To circulate his lies.

No longer as an usher,
I other dunces flog;
But come to Easton, cheese to feast on,
And there remain incog.

'T was there I heard of Jenner,
And eke of vaccination,
Ordain'd to be, at least to me,
A temporal salvation.

Why should I tell a tedious,
Uninteresting story?
From Vaccine Scourge I shall emerge
A Solomon in glory.

Like Solomon, or Brodum,
My humble name I 'll raise;
And sinnce I find my friends unkind,
I 'll trumpet my own praise.

" Tho' London friends disown me,
Yet verily I say,
I am a friend, an Irish friend,
A friend the backward way.

" And as to my religion,
'T is like big Sam in height;
It is so tall, it is so tall,
So tall, 't is out of sight.

" Let English Quakers envy,
And vilify my fame;
Yet still, old Nick, who loves a trick,
Will glorify my name."

When Glo'stershire I quitted,
I was distrest and undone;
But now, you see, I soon shall be
The richest man in London.

Like mushrooms, I created
My London Institutions:
My bread I earn, and serve my turn,
By levying contributions.

So Young, that vile impostor,
A Christian microscopic,
Or rather Jew, with selfish view,
First plann'd the Philanthropic.

I know the sons of science,
And once I knew my place;
At modest distance implor'd assistance,
And humbly su'd for grace.

My friends and benefactors,
But now my foes I style 'em,
For charity, and eke for me,
Erected an asylum.

They form'd an Institution,
And then made such a pother,
They made a rout, and turn'd me out,
But soon I form'd another.

There is an ancient proverb,
To call a man ungrateful,
It is to call him base, and all,
All that is vile and hateful.

I debtor am to Jenner,
To Ring I am a debtor;
Their bounty flow'd, and much I ow'd,
But I was ne'er the better.

Tho' born and bred a blockhead,
I went beyond my tether;
I turn'd buffoon, in one lampoon
Abusing both together.

Tho' banish'd from my Station,
Their books, I did purloin 'em;
By hooks and crooks I 'm in their books,
And never will resign 'em.

My London friends disown me,
I am an Irish Quaker;
Two faults I have, I play the knave,
And I forget my maker.

To physic bred at Leyden,
I am a Leyden phial;
I 'm charg'd with matter that makes a clatter,
Of this there 's no denial.

Impatient of control I
Still act as it behoves me,
And ev'ry friend in turn offend,
For 't is the spirit moves me;

A spirit not of concord,
But one of opposition,
Perpetual strife embitt'ring life,
And av'rice, and ambition.

First, first it mov'd a Fox, for
All, all the race are Tartars;
To gain my ends, I tell my friends,
I 'm one of Fox's martyrs.

Turn'd out of place, I now form
The Lon. Vac. Institution;
Endure the stroke like heart of oak,
And thrive by persecution.

I never would submit to
A just subordination;
Like hog, self-will'd, I ne'er fulfill'd
The duties of my station.

My foes all strive to bring me
To ruin and to shame;
But I despise their threats, and rise
A phœnix from the flame.

I, feigning that the flames
Had driven me from my station,
My counsel kept; and intercept
Whole hosts for vaccination.

We chose one William Lawrence,
An eminent dissector,
Whose name remains, but he disdains
To be our Sub-director.

An jubes renovare
Dolorem hunc infandum?
Tho' he disdains, his name remains,
It is an ad captandum.

'T is thus we go a-cruising,
And thus we trim our scullers;
For many a prize we get by lies,
And hanging out false colours.

Still growing more audacious,
And in an equal tenour,
We now assume another plume,
And use the name of Jenner.

We still have our committees,
Our dull collectors egging;
Our coffers hold a sum untold,
Yet still we go a-begging.

Some take us all for swindlers;
Pounds, shillings, eke and pences,
We all obtain, a greedy train,
And under false pretences.

We leave our yellow pamphlets
Awhile for your inspection;
Then alms implore from door to door,
And make a vast collection.

We act like vile impostors,
 Usurping Jenner's name;
Lay baits for wealth, do good by stealth,
 And blush to find it fame.

This, this is my prescription,
 Take money quantum satis;
Then write up o'er each lying door,
 Inoculation gratis.

To ev'ry good collector
 A tempting bribe we offer,
Pounds, shillings, pence, a sum immense,
 And half the booty proffer.

We take the name of Jenner,
 To gull the British nation;
To gain our end, we still pretend
 To his co-operation.

John Bull they call Old England,
 Inestimable treasure!
A good milch-cow, and I know how
 To milk her at my pleasure.

Tho' hir'd as Clerk to Council,
 Their secrets I betray'd;
Much, much I wrote, and many a note
 Gross ignorance display'd.

For Folly reigns triumphant,
 With Vanity close-linkt;
Here Wisdom bright ne'er shed her light,
 Or now is quite extinct.

Then as to little children,
So harmless, none should harm them,
I did so harm each tender arm,
I threaten'd to disarm them.

I took into my head-piece,
That pus was in the centre,
Not lymph alone; 'tis strange, I own,
Such thought a head can enter.

It never enter'd noddle
Of Jenner or of Ring:
They took some trouble to break the bubble
To which I fondly cling.

I made an excavation
"Like crater in volcano:"
A thing so rare we may compare
To fistula in ano.

From this volcano issue
The flames that me consume;
For Jenner saw I broke his law,
And he began to fume.

He wish'd me a strait-waistcoat,
And a dark cell to hide me;
He wish'd, I think, that pen and ink,
And paper, were deny'd me.

He wish'd my drink spring-water,
And hyssop to deterge me;
Wish'd me club-law, a bed of straw,
And hellebore to purge me.

Pronounc'd by all my judges
A vile and worthless elf,
My friends subscribe, I pay the bribe,
And still acquit myself.

Three hundred tools and hirelings
In my defence appear:
They plead my cause, despise the laws,
And what I say, they swear.

But Jenner, folks convening
Whom gentlemen they call,
Brought fresh supplies, and new allies,
And soon o'erwhelm'd us all.

When Sal'sb'ry Square I quitted,
In Sal'sb'ry Court I took
A room, where I, still blund'ring, ply
My lance by hook or crook.

This court affords an entrance,
An entrance to the square:
I lie in wait, throw out my bait,
And catch my gudgeons there.

They say, my great and small fry
That I by poaching get;
But I cry Pish! for all is fish
That comes into my net.

I cut the ties of justice
And gratitude asunder:
Subscriptions raise by shameful ways,
And live, and thrive by plunder.

Now, now all sorts of creatures
In my good cause embark:
Both great and small now op'rate, all
The beasts of Noah's ark.

The chemists now turn surgeons,
And coblers turn physicians;
And I, who sprung from hill of dung,
The greatest of magicians.

Some think I am king Midas,
Who liv'd in days of old;
Because that he, forsooth, like me,
Turn'd all he touch'd to gold.

Nay, some assert, another
Similitude appears;
When hat I doff, or cap take off,
I show my ass's ears.

Empirics hoist my hand-bills,
"The Lon. Vac. Institution;"
And, through all London, bankrupts undone,
Solicit contribution.

When I behold such drugsters
Who practise vaccination,
My mind it racks, to think these quacks
Are all of my creation.

The faithful friends of science
Will lash me in their lyrics;
And blast my fame, and brand my name,
The father of empirics.

A poison-tree now stretches
 Her branches large and strong;
John Bull still suffers any puffers,
 And sanctions all the wrong.

A hundred-headed hydra,
 Arising in the nation,
Nor one alone, but many a one,
 Demands a reformation.

Forbid such bold intruders
 To violate the laws;
The serpents kill, and in your bill
 Insert a sweeping clause.

When Dick was dubb'd a doctor,
 And his initials sign'd,
He prov'd a bane to Warwick-lane,
 And heavily was fin'd.

But if a Reece, or Caton,
 Of life a poor man swindles,
That greater harm spreads no alarm,
 And no resentment kindles.

Joe Leaper once collected
 The splendid golden guineas;
Pounds, shillings, pence, by false pretence,
 Obtain'd of all the ninnies.

This well-known truth John Fuller,
 And Wilberforce can tell;
And many a score of flat-fish more
 The long, long list may swell.

Then, as to honest John Bull,
A numskull is no rarity;
He cares not how I milk the cow,
He thinks it all a charity.

To fight with Ring and Jenner,
I muster'd all my forces:
I vow'd I would do all I could
To cut off their resources.

My friends, and fellow-traitors,
On our success I greet;
I hug myself, a cunning elf,
For stolen joys are sweet.

My former friends expose me,
And still the public warn;
But dead to fame, I feel no shame,
And all exposure scorn.

The Central House complain'd that
Her practice greatly dwindled:
Loud clamours rise, they want supplies
Her patients all are swindled.

Then, as to Dr. Jenner,
Who still shall be my theme,
His mill, he knows, no longer goes,
For I cut off the stream.

If chance a prize escap'd me,
Returning from the Station,
The mother storm'd, but I perform'd
A second operation.

Thus, thus, by tacit censure,
My rival I defame;
Pretend he miss'd, and in my list
Score up another name.

When legislative wisdom
Establish'd Vaccination,
To some it seem'd, they were redeem'd
From further obligation;

And yet they pledg'd their honour,
In them if honour reign'd,
To take the field, and never yield
While one small-pock remain'd.

If one of them persisted,
If one perform'd his vow,
By some good luck I rise, and pluck
The laurel from his brow.

To point out all my fictions,
My treachery to trace,
Requires a song at least as long,
As long as Chevy Chace.

I feign'd that Doctor Jenner
Was riding on a cow;
I said he was a beggar, as
I am a beggar now.

I said, he for his own son
Would not the cow-pock try;
But when the said heavy charge I laid,
I knew it was a lie.

'T was owing to the small-pox
In surgeon Cother's train,
Infectious nymph! and want of lymph,
It was not try'd again.

'T is from revenge to Jenner
I act th' assassin's part,
The truth deny, and forge a lie,
And stab him to the heart;

Pretend he was a knavish,
Uncharitable elf;
In short pretend, he loves no friend,
Or neighbour as himself;

That to the vaccine lancet
A neighbour's child alone
He would submit, but had the wit
Not to submit his own.

Such falsities Maclean,
And Reece's publication,
And Birch, with hints in lying prints,
Have publish'd thro' the nation.

The sapient Common Council,
And Aldermen of London,
Have lately blunder'd, and giv'n a hundred,
Or we had all been undone.

A hundred, left to Jenner's trust,
By stratagem I get;
But I cry Pish! for all is fish
That comes into my net.

For we have our committees,
Our dull collectors egging;
Our coffers hold a mine of gold,
Yet still we go a-begging.

Ye town and country surgeons,
Bring annual contributions:
Our matter buy, or ne'er apply
To London Institutions.

We beg of every nation,
We beg of all the Prussians;
Of Germans all, both great and small,
We beg of all the Russians.

Like other strolling beggars,
From Pole to Pole we wander:
We club together, and pluck a feather
From ev'ry goose and gander.

We pluck the Lords and Commons,
We pluck the Corporation;
We pluck them all, both great and small,
We pluck the British nation.

You see my golden pippin
Put forth her leaf once more,
And fruit unfold; the rind is gold,
'T is rotten at the core.

I 'm nucleus of a snowball,
We all are of a feather,
As much alike as jack and pike;
We therefore flock together.

We all are like sun-raisins
In one great cluster clung;
For we are naught, nor good for aught,
Till we are all well hung.

Would Jenner to the vineyard
His little finger put,
He soon would trim this rotten limb,
And crack the carious nut.

I 'm like an addled egg, or
A herring that is shotten:
I 'm like touch-wood, or medlar, good
For nothing till 't is rotten.

I now wind up my poem,
And, to avoid confusion,
I shall, my friends, fasten off my ends,
And come to a conclusion.

When erst I liv'd at Cockermouth,
Well known to many a neighbour,
I did my best, and, like the rest,
I liv'd by honest labour:

But now I live by begging,
And seldom beg in vain;
My bread I earn, I 'll ne'er return
To Cockermouth again.

Great charity pretending,
I tax both rich and poor,
By hook and crook; with yellow book
I beg from door to door.

I tax both Lords and Commons,
I tax the very mob;
I tax the nation, and all creation:
It is a perfect job.

For we have our committees,
Our dull collectors egging:
Our coffers hold a sum untold,
Yet still we go a-begging.

And a-begging we will go, will go, will go,
And a-begging we will go.

Increase of Swindlers and Impostors.

Wanley considered characters of this sort to be so rare, that he has given an account of some of them in his Book of Wonders; but the iron age is returned again; and it is now a much greater wonder to meet with an honest man. Certainly, were I to go about in search of one, like the ancient philosopher, I should despair of finding such a phenomenon in a bastard Vaccine Institution.

Wanley, who was a learned and respectable divine, and had as much insight into human nature as any man, observes, that with respect to the first of these charaeters, then called cheats, now called swindlers, "*a great stock of confidence*," he might have said impudence, "*covetousness*, and *cunning*, unalloyed with principles of justice and honesty, generally turn into fraud and villany; and, taking the

whipping-post and pillory in their way, come to the gallows."

Such, at least, he observes, is the fate of *little* villains; but when great ones act the same part, they break through cobweb laws; and, for a time, escape justice.

As to impostors, or those who assume a title and character not their own, like those who are the subject of my present disquisition, the same learned and reverend author tells us, that the grand impostor, and tutor of all other personages under this denomination is the devil; who transforms himself into an angel of light, in order to deceive and destroy mankind. "His immediate successors," says the learned and reverend divine, "are generally *the mud and dregs of the people, illiterate, brainsick enthusiasts, and beggarly, ambitious, upstart rebels*; whose pride and vanity, not suffering them to be content in the mean circumstances to which they were born, mount them on the wings of visionary greatness, and set them up for no less than gods, emperors, kings, or inspired prophets; to the great disturbance and detriment of church, state, and people."

This, he observes, continues, till the giddy adherents of such impostors, weary of their new toys, or undeceived by dear-bought experience, desert them. Justice overtakes them; and the hands of the common hangman put an end to the farce.

Annual Festival.

It would be curious to see Dr. Walker and his colleagues, when celebrating their anniversary. Not intending to do myself the honour of dining with them, I cannot help fancying that the following choice articles will constitute the banquet. At the top of the table, *a calf's head*; in the centre, *a cow's udder*; and, at the bottom, *a green goose.*

In addition to these delicacies, there will be a beef-steak pie, with a vaccine crust; and plenty of mushrooms.

There will also be a bottle of brandy, with a label, bearing the motto of the Doctor's pamphlet, "*It will bring consolation into the bosom of every family.*"

There will also be some bubble-and-squeak, and elephant's milk, prepared by Mr. Campbell, one of their own inoculators; which is an excellent remedy for scurvy, whether in the character or the blood.

The apartment will be decorated with the portraits of swindlers, upstarts, and pretenders; and with that of Herod, and other infanticides; and, lest any scruples of conscience should be awakened by the spectacle, in the bosoms of any of the company present, a bottle of hartshorn will be provided. The apartment will be sprinkled with *vinegar of the four thieves.*

In the evening an illumination will take place in Salisbury Court, Union Court, Bond Court, Knaves'

Acre, and Field Lane; also at Newgate, Cripplegate, Billingsgate, Bedlam, and Barber-Surgeons' Hall; and at every undertaker's within twenty miles of London.

At the Centre House of the Society there will be a transparency; with Dr. Walker's works, including that which enlightened the people of Ireland; and a scroll with this inscription, "*Lux à non Lucendo*, no light, but rather darkness visible."

I cannot, however, help thinking, that as this Institution was established in opposition to Dr. Jenner, the followers of Dr. Walker ought to hold their annual festival on his birthday; and imitate the example of the Egyptians, who worshipped Apis under the shape of an ox; and, as Wanley tells us, held a great festival throughout their whole nation, on the day in which their god was *calved*.

The partisans of Dr. Walker need not be very squeamish on this occasion, since they must know, that there are people in this world, who, for the sake of opposition, or sordid lucre, will worship the devil.

Dr. Walker's New Schemes.

Dr. Walker is as ready as Harlequin, or Proteus himself, at inventing new schemes; at least, when his own interest is concerned. In short, he is an excellent hand at a job. Swift, alluding to this sort of ingenuity, observes, that the great exploits of individuals are not always achieved by strong hands;

and that the authors of such schemes have, in general, been mistaken by all the world, except their own followers, for madmen or fools; acting and speaking more like Bedlamites, than men of common sense.

He also observes, that if they were not supported by their followers, they would be in imminent danger of phlebotomy, whips, chains, dark chambers, and straw; and, that none of these impostors fail to procure a number of disciples; whose understandings are of the same complexion as their own.

He expresses one sentiment, to which, perhaps, the partisans of Dr. Walker, Mr. Purser, and Mr. Walker, *resident inoculators*, and of a motley crew of *non-resident inoculators*, may not readily subscribe. "It is folly," says he, "to argue, because a physician may be supposed to understand his art best, and the law protects and encourages his profession, that if he should poison his patients, and kill them, he is only answerable to God, and not liable to be justly punished. The difference between poisons and remedies is as easily known by their effects, as the difference between virtue and vice; and it is necessary to prohibit such a man from the farther practice of his profession, because his crimes are not purely personal to the physician, but destructive to the public."

The absolute necessity of a horde of Cossacks, and Abyssinian surgeons, as the late Mr. Birch would have called them, cannot now be justly pleaded by Dr. Walker, and his accomplices, as an ex-

cuse for sanctioning such a banditti; whose aim is to exalt themselves, to prey on the credulity of the public, and to live by plunder.

The aims of their employers are, to look big on paper; to swell the catalogue of their inoculations; and to augment their revenue. This is easily accomplished by their specious and plausible publications; by which they extort incredible sums from those who have more benevolence than discretion, and more money than wit.

They are also instigated to these bold undertakings, and stimulated to these indefatigable exertions, by the love of fame, like that other desperate adventurer, who set fire to the temple at Ephesus; by a spirit of opposition and contradiction; and by other ruling and predominant passions, pride, envy, jealousy, hatred, malice, avarice, ambition, and revenge.

It now only remains to be seen, how long the Royal Jennerian Society, containing all that is eminent in the Medical Profession, and all that is illustrious in Church and State, will suffer their names to be prostituted, and the public to be deluded, by a set of swindlers and impostors; by men who are neither dignified by their rank, nor distinguished by their talents; by a set of daring adventurers, and despicable upstarts. It is a gross insult, and an indignity, to which no man who has the least sense of honour, or of shame, will submit. Bill Soames himself would be disgraced by such a connexion.

The sums of which the subscribers to such an

Institution are defrauded, must be very considerable; and might have been much better employed. This will give them some degree of mortification; but they will experience a still greater degree of mortification when they discover the real characters of the individuals with whom they are associated. "This," as our English Aristophanes would say, "this is the consequence of taking beggars into your bosom."

The same humorous and facetious author, were he now living, might again bring Dr. Last, and the Bottle-Conjuror, upon the stage; and find a licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians capable of performing in both characters. True Quakerian pertinacity, with a good stock of assurance, must at length overcome all difficulties; for, as Dr. Walker observes, Possunt quia posse videntur, they can conquer who believe they can.

When we reflect on all the arts which have been practised on this occasion, it cannot appear very surprising that the plan has been crowned with success. It is, as was before remarked, specious and plausible; and pretends to a great deal of charity. Foote observes, that hypocrisy is the finest veil for villany; and that whenever a bubble appears, the people of this country are always ready to bite.

THE END.

S. Gosnell, Printer, Little Queen Street, London.

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